JAN. 6, 1934

Liberty

5¢

Calendar-1934

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IT TAKES HEALTHY NERVES

FOR JAFFEE TO BE THE WORLD'S CHAMPION SKATER

IRVING JAFFEE

Winner of 1,000 medals and trophies, including 3 Olympic Skating Championships, Jaffee has brought the highest skating honors to the U. S. A. Asked recently if he was a steady smoker, Jaffee said, "Yes, but that goes for Camels only. I have to keep my wind, you know, and healthy nerves."

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Steady Smokers turn to Camels

You've often seen his name and picture in the papers—Jaffee, the city-bred boy from the U. S. A. who beat the best Olympic skaters that Europe had to offer, and became the skating champion of the world! Speaking of speed skating and cigarettes, Jaffee says: "It takes healthy nerves and plenty of wind to be an Olympic skating champion. I find that Camels, because of their costlier tobaccos, are mild and likable in taste. And, what is even more important to a champion athlete, they never upset the nerves."

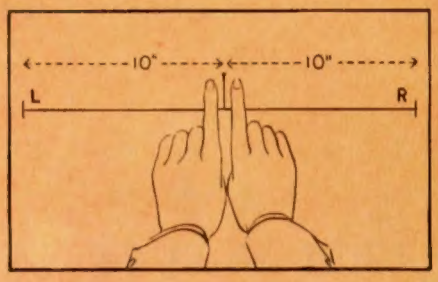
Change to Camels and note the difference in your nerves...in the pleasure you get from smoking! Camels are milder...have a better taste. They never upset your nerves. Begin today!

IT IS MORE FUN TO KNOW

Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE tobaccos than any other popular brand.

HOW ARE YOUR NERVES?

TRY THIS TEST



Draw a line 20 inches long on the edge of a newspaper. Stick a straight pin in the exact center. Place a forefinger on either side of the pin. Close your eyes...try to measure off quickly the distances by moving both hands at the same time. Have a watcher stop you when you reach the edge. See if both your fingers have moved the same distance. Most people try this at least six times before both hands come out evenly.

Frank Crilley (Camel smoker), famous deep-sea diver, completed the test on his second try.

CAMEL'S COSTLIER TOBACCOS

NEVER GET ON YOUR NERVES

NEVER TIRE YOUR TASTE

JANUARY 6, 1934

Liberty

VOL. 11, NO. 1

BERNARR MACFADDEN, PUBLISHER
WALLACE H. CAMPBELL, ART EDITOR

FULTON OURSLER, EDITOR
WM. MAURICE FLYNN, MANAGING EDITOR

FREEDOM OF THE PRESS THREATENED

IT was a wise man who said that eternal vigilance is the price of liberty.

And never was that warning more needed than now!

Today we hear the distant thunder of a threat to the freedom of our press. From all points of the horizon flash the lightning signals. The first bolt came over the NRA code; there have been many others. Publishers objected, and rightly, to signing a code which did not include a restatement of the untrammeled freedom of the American press. The NRA authorities promised that no gag would be put on the press; but hesitated to guarantee that promise in the code itself.

Why?

Not easily, but only through the pain and blood and death of our Revolution, did we establish ourselves as a free nation. And even then, when we were free of foreign rule, the new states absolutely refused to sign the Federal Constitution, would not listen to any persuasion, remained adamant, until they were guaranteed free religion, free speech, and a free press—the only real insurance of their liberties.

Here is that First Amendment to our Constitution:

> Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; or abridging the freedom of speech or of the press; or the right of the people peaceably to assemble and to petition the Government for a redress of grievances.

Why should any employee of the American people refuse such a guaranty in an NRA code or in anything else?

It is easy to understand how men inexperienced in public life, school-teachers and others who emerge from sheltered experience, should wince at public criticism. Such men are not used to democracy. They are more at home in the petty dictatorship of a classroom. They have ruled over adolescents so long that they think of the voting citizens as people to be lectured to.

In their schoolmaster eyes, criticism of their acts is disrespectful and insubordinate.

They want the power over the public they have had over their pupils.

But that is only one phase of the danger. There is another possibility, much more disturbing.

Certain foreign diplomats come to this country with proposals for international agreements, such as debt cancellation. They talk beguilingly to some of our officials of what Americans should do, urging the European point of view.

"Ah! We would not dare make such a settlement," the American officials may reply. "If we were even to consider such a scheme, our newspapers would be thundering around our heads."

The foreign diplomats may look politely aghast. "*Your* newspapers? Do you mean to say that you fear your newspapers? How comic! In *our* country the newspapers would not *dare* to criticize officials. They print only what we let them!"

Is it to be wondered at that our subofficials, many of them unused to public life, smarting under disapproval, wish they had the power to silence their critics?

"Better newspapers without government than government without newspapers," said Thomas Jefferson, the great founder of the Democratic Party now in power.

"I fear three newspapers more than a hundred thousand bayonets," said Napoleon Bonaparte.

The true principle lies in the utterance of another great statesman, who said to an opponent:

"I loathe and detest every word that you say, but I would give my life to insure your right to say it."

The sole safeguard for the freedom of the American citizen lies in a free and fearless press, able and ready to expose and denounce weakness, wrongdoing, or incompetence in high places. Once tamper with that—and any tyranny may be fastened upon us before we know it!

Thank God we have a President who stands strong and firm behind this fundamental guaranty of our liberties! But there are others even now seeking to organize public opinion to renounce these liberties in the name of emergency.

Such men are our enemies!

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TO THE LADIES!

By PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

linguist, friend of the famous in Europe, and descendant of the first czar of Russia

William de Mille
Clara Beranger

(Reading time: 3 minutes 45 seconds.)

MIDNIGHT! John Barrymore on the phone!

"What do you want?" says William C. de Mille.

"I want to get my son into the Tuna Club," says John Barrymore.

"How old is your son?" asks William C. de Mille, president of the Tuna Club.

"Two weeks," says John Barrymore.

Judging from this verbatim report, you can see for yourself how uppity the Hollywood plutocrats are getting to be. They have to put up their sons for Tuna Club membership practically from birth.

William C. de Mille, brother of Cecil B. De Mille, is a good man to talk with about Hollywood beginnings. Before he went to Hollywood, William C. wrote two big stage hits, Strongheart and The Warrens of Virginia. His wife is Clara Beranger, celebrated writer for the screen. ("But," whispers Clara to me, "Bill is much prouder of me when I catch an outsize fish than when I write a good story.") I asked William C. about movies, morals, and manners.

"The most objectionable crudities are disappearing," he said. "Sadism, for example—once so popular with Hollywood directors—is now becoming obsolete. Displays of cruelty are no longer welcome—even as propaganda. Thunder Over Mexico was a dramatic miscarriage because it did not present a story worthy of its horrors."

Of the many excitements William de Mille has experienced while directing, none, he avers, equals his excursion into the realms of surgery. During the shooting of a particularly important scene an actor got a bug in his ear. Mr. de Mille extracted the bug.

HAPPY New Year! A prosperous New Year to you!

But *prosperity* can mean more things than one. Money or no money, 1934 will be a year of your life. It will bring you experiences worth remembering—because all experiences are worth remembering.

With this thought in mind, a lady I know has made up novel memorandum books as New Year gifts for her friends. Each little book divides into five parts, as follows: 1. Nice People I Have Met; 2. Nice Places I Have Been; 3. Good Ideas I Have Heard; 4. Good Jokes I Have Laughed At; 5. New Dishes I Have Enjoyed Eating.

Included there, I think, you have the whole gamut of casual experience.

FROM Los Angeles, W. W. Garland sends an interesting note regarding women as gamblers. The subject was mentioned on this page a few weeks back. Mr. Garland writes:

The coolest gambler I ever saw was a woman in the Black Hills fifty years ago. Her name? No one knew or cared. Owing to her shadowy upper lip, she was called Madame Mustache. She ran her own faro bank, and the men came in from miles around to bet against her as she calmly pulled the cards out of the box. They dared her to raise the limit.

She answered, "The ceiling, if you like." Luck favored her; she made a killing—but not until her check rack was nearly empty.

What a scene! What a woman! Don't you wish we knew more about Madame Mustache? I wonder where she came from, who she really was, how she ended her days.

THE book to read just now, I think, is Three Cities, by Sholom Asch. This fine novel deals with a subject that most of us are—or should be—thinking about. (Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

TRY these Dutch *klops* for dinner on a cold winter's night.

Use ¾ pound chopped veal and ¼ pound chopped fresh pork. Add 3 slices stale bread moistened until soft, and season with minced parsley, salt and pepper. Shape the meat into balls and simmer gently ½ hour in water. Now comes the *Dutch* trick. Take some of the juice from the cooking meat, add butter and flour, and stir constantly until the sauce is thick. Then put in the yolks of 2 well beaten eggs, 2 tablespoons capers, and a dash of vinegar. The sauce should be off the fire when you mix in the eggs, capers, and vinegar.

Pour over the meat and serve with mashed potatoes.

ANSWER to last week's riddle which asked how you spell soak, joke, folk, and the white of an egg: You spell the white of an egg W-H-I-T-E.

Did you fall in the trap, and answer Y-O-L-K? I did.

A READER asks me what to do when a man pays her flowery compliments that don't sound sincere. "He is a man of dignified years," she writes. "I can't just tell him to quit his kidding. How should I behave?"

Well now, why bring up the question of sincerity? Compliments of the flowery sort are intended to be decorative, not practical. They are the rosy little wreaths with which an old-school gentleman bedecks his address to a lady. Of course you mustn't tell him to quit his kidding. Why don't you kid him back? Words of badinage, harmlessly flirtatious, may be the breath of life to the old boy. You can spare a few. Kid him along by all means.

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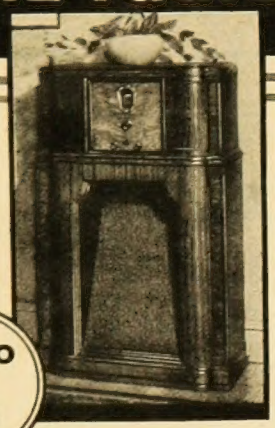

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A Reassuring Picture of Preparedness for ANY Crisis

(Reading time: 18 minutes 10 seconds.)

PEOPLE who believe that the United States Army is not ready and able to take charge of this nation in an emergency simply do not know the facts. Our Army happens to be the only branch of the government which is *already organized and available not only to defend our territory but also to cope with social and economic problems in an emergency*. It is our secret insurance against chaos. It is our "ace in the hole" for peace as well as war.

To those who fancy that we still have essentially the same 'd army which we the id before the war cor can only point out T at in two months to l st spring the Army recruited, conditioned, equipped, wh id mobilized more men than we reënlisted in the cor Spanish-American War, and did it so quietly and efficiently that few people in the country realized what was happening.

This achievement—the organization of over 300,000 men in more than 1,500 Civilian Conservation Corps camps—was the first real test of the Army's plans for war mobilization under the National Defense Act as amended in 1920. It proved both the efficiency of our plan of defense and the equally important success of the Military Procurement Plan—the Army's economic war plan—which is intrusted to the Assistant Secretary of War.

> *"Let me speak frankly! If this country should be threatened with foreign war, economic chaos, or social revolution, the Army has the training, the experience, the organization, and the men to support the government and direct the country in the national interest."*

The C. C. C. mobilization demonstrated that the Army is ready to defend the nation. On the side of national defense, moreover, it taught the Army many things. It showed the nation that, should we be faced with national chaos, and should the President or Congress give the order, the Army can come to the

By HARRY H. WOODRING
The Assistant Secretary of War

rescue of the country quickly, quietly, and effectively. *That* is worth remembering.

Few people outside of Army circles have any idea of the extent and character of the Army organization and set-up. The Army begins where most plans for economic reforms stop short—with actual human beings. Our policy has been that the ultimate defense of the country must be the responsibility of the country's *entire* population. Our national defense is based on a citizen army.

In time of peace the Army's principal job is to prepare for national defense against any possible foreign attack. In this preparation the two outstanding elements are military training of the defense forces, and painstaking preparations of the plans for use when necessity dictates the coördinated effort of the man power of the nation. At the time when " national planning " is in the air, it is important to remember that the Army has been concentrating on this for the last thirteen years. The mobilization and supply of the C. C. C. simply gave these plans their most important practical test. They worked.

The present organization of the Army is no accident. It results from extensive study of the history of the military policy of the American people in all of our wars, beginning with the Colonial wars, as well as a study of the military policy of other nations. More directly, it results from a detailed study of our policy during the World War. We may say that it is the result of the best judgment of all elements of our people, based upon our experience in the most colossal war in history.

The Army of the United States consists of three components: the Regular Army, the National Guard, and the Organized Reserves.

The Regular Army has been formally organized:

To provide adequate garrisons in peace and in war for our overseas possessions, and adequate peace garrisons for the coast defenses within the continental limits o the United States.

To provide personnel for the development and trainin of the National Guard and the Organized Reserves.

To provide the necessary personnel for the overhea of the Army of the United States, wherein the duties ar of a continuing nature.

To provide an adequate, organized, balanced, and effective expeditionary force which will be available for emer-

ILLUSTRATION BY

" Our Army is the only branch of the government which is organized and available not only to defend our territory but also to cope with social and economic problems in an emergency. It is our ' ace in the hole ' for peace as well as war."

gencies and which will serve as a model for the National Guard and the Organized Reserves.

The National Guard is required:

In time of peace, to provide an adequate, organized, and effective force, available in minor emergencies for employment within the limits of the United States by the states or by the federal government, and immediately available in major emergencies for employment in the execution of limited missions.

IN time of war or major emergencies, when Congress has authorized the use of troops in excess of those of the Regular Army, to provide an adequate and effective component of the Army of the United States.

The Organized Reserves are expected, in time of peace, to provide partially organized and partially trained units which may be quickly expanded to war strength and completely trained, and which, in combination with the Regular Army and the National Guard, will provide an adequate, balanced, and effective force sufficient to meet any national emergency declared by Congress.

H E R B E R T R O E S E

In this connection, and in order to offer voluntary military training to the young men of the country, Congress has also authorized the Reserve Officers' Training Corps and the Citizens' Military Training Camps.

R. O. T. C. units are established in such schools and colleges as may apply therefor. The C. M. T. C. are maintained to give a chance to qualify as reserve officers to those young men who do not have the opportunity in schools and colleges, and also—and this is their most important mission—to give training in American citizenship and very elementary military operations to all able-bodied young men who apply for it.

The Army has divided the country into semi-independent corps areas. (In our overseas possessions such areas are called departments.) The chief purposes of the corps area are the organization, training, and mobilization of troops.

During the World War the Army was centralized, leading to congestion and confusion. Today the War Department decides *what* shall be done, leaving to the corps areas and the departments the question of *how* it shall be done.

Most important of all—from the point of view of in-

surance against chaos—is the functional organization of the Army into combat forces, such as Infantry, Artillery, Cavalry, and Air Corps, and into technical, supply, and administrative services. This is important because these branches, taken together, include individuals trained in every profession and trade that exists in civil life. The Army is essentially a self-contained nation within the nation, an authority able to work independently of the political and business conditions of the country, under the constitutional Commander in Chief, the President, assisted by the Secretary of War.

The Army has already done so on many occasions in our history. In nearly every generation it has played a major part in dealing with economic and social forces in the national welfare.

It has made and is continually making contributions of far-reaching importance to the general welfare of the country. It has contributed to developments in the field of applied science. Above all, it has been called upon to do things which might be done by other agencies, except that the job is given to the Army because it has already in existence the organization, personnel, and equipment which enable it to do the work more promptly, efficiently, and economically than another agency.

Up to 1855 there was scarcely a railroad in this country which was not projected, built, and operated in large part by the Army. The Medical Corps of the Army has made habitable for the white man huge areas of tropical countries. Without this the building of the Panama Canal would have been impossible. The Army Signal Corps for years operated the Government Weather Bureau. It now maintains a great communications system for the Territory of Alaska. In its laboratories discoveries of great commercial value have been made. The Chemical Warfare Service has been responsible for discoveries which aid in the prevention and extinction of fires.

Harry H. Woodring, the Assistant Secretary of War, who wrote this article. He has been governor of Kansas and is a World War veteran.

The Ordnance Department has been responsible for some of the most important discoveries in the metallurgical field. It also introduced to commercial use the principle of interchangeable parts in manufacturing, making possible the mass production of today.

The contributions by the Army Air Corps to the science of air transportation are too numerous to mention.

The record made by the Corps of Engineers is a source of pride to the entire nation.

In addition, the great advances made by the Filipinos and Porto Ricans in education, sanitation, and commercial development are in no small part due to the efforts of the American Army. These results are similar to those obtained by General Wood in Cuba.

FROM time to time, large cities or extensive areas of our country are devastated by earthquake, fire, flood, or hurricane. The Army is always one of the first relief agencies on the spot. It is necessary only to put existing machinery into motion.

Similarly, the Army has sometimes been called upon to suppress disorderly activities in defiance of government by large groups of individuals. It has always been successful in this work without antagonizing any party to the political or industrial disputes involved. It is scarcely too much to state that the Army's existence for this purpose alone would justify the investment we have made in it. Economic breakdown, unless promptly corrected, induces social breakdown. In such a crisis the Army is the only organization in the country which is able and ready to maintain the government.

Let me speak frankly! If this country should be threatened with foreign war, economic chaos, or social revolution, the Army has the training, the experience, the organization, and the men to support the government and direct the country in the national interest.

The C. C. C. mobilization is thus more than a great military achievement; it is a dress rehearsal of the Army's ability to intervene, under Constitutional authority, in combating the depression.

I cannot overemphasize the importance to the country of having this agency—this insurance policy—that is always in readiness to meet any sort of national crisis. Whether this crisis be the threat of an armed invasion or the danger of a social or economic collapse, the Army is standing by loyally, *ready and able not only to support the constituted authority but to organize the life of the country so as to defend the people from starvation and disorder.*

THE office which I now hold—that of the Assistant Secretary of War—is charged with supervising the procurement of all military supplies and other business of the War Department pertaining thereto, and with the assurance of adequate provision for the mobilization of material and industrial organizations essential to wartime needs. "Wartime needs"—we discovered in the last war that the war included the entire nation!

Accordingly, while the War Department General Staff makes the plans for national defense and for the mobilization of our man power, the Assistant Secretary of War has been charged with the creation of what amounts to an Economic General Staff.

Broadly speaking, the activities placed under my direction are divided into supervision over current procurement operations of the War Department and planning for procurement in time of war. This latter activity—war economic planning—involves a separate but closely related activity which we call industrial mobilization.

Industrial mobilization looks beyond the scope of War Department activities and includes all plans requisite to government supervision and coördination of industry, transportation, labor, finance, and similar matters in time of national emergency.

So we have two separate divisions of work—Current Procurement, namely, meeting the actual needs of the Regular Army; and the Planning Branch, which is charged not only with procurement planning but with the plan for industrial mobilization. In addition we have the Army Industrial College, which is placed under the Assistant Secretary of War and which may be considered as a third division. It corresponds to the Army War College in our plan for industrial mobilization, and in time of emergency could supply officers for an economic General Staff for the nation.

The Current Procurement Division handles all contracts and specifications for current military supplies. The Planning Branch begins where the Current Procurement Division leaves off. It sees that adequate and detailed plans are prepared to insure available quantities of equipment as called for by the plans of the General Staff. Each factory that is found suitable for the manufacture of military supplies is assigned to a particular supply service by my office. Thus two objects are accomplished. *Competition is eliminated and a quick initial production is assured.* In making these allocations, only half of the productive capacity of any plant is utilized, the remainder being available to continue to supply the civilian population.

The Army has discovered that the manufacturing capacity of this country can easily meet all requirements of a major war *if this capacity is efficiently utilized.* If a national crisis were declared tomorrow, the world would be astonished by the ease and speed with which

we mobilized the necessary men and supplies. Any one who regarded us as "easy pickings" would have a rude awakening!

We made such a mess of the supply problem in the World War that we determined never to be caught unprepared again! The result is our present Economic War Plans. Much of our difficulty during the World War was due to the fact that all purchasing operations of the Army were conducted from Washington. Great confusion and congestion resulted. Early in 1918 the Ordnance Department adopted a scheme of decentralization that relieved the congestion and delay. The Army has adopted it as part of our permanent economic organization for war.

We have divided the United States into fourteen War Department procurement districts. The plans of each supply service provide for the organization of district offices through which all orders for munitions to be manufactured in each district will flow. In our peacetime planning we prepare for the immediate functioning of these district organizations. These plans and measures are designed to insure availability of adequate quantities of military supplies. They could work equally well in rationing the civil population during this depression.

There remains the larger question of the mobilization of supplies and industry for the maintenance of a nation of 125,000,000. In May, 1931, plans were submitted to the War Policies Commission, created by Congress to make a study of policies to be pursued in the event of war or national crisis. The commission in its final report to the President approved the principles that we have followed and recommended continuous planning by the federal government in time of peace, particularly by the War and Navy Departments. The activities of this commission were of very great benefit. For the first time the War Department was in a position to lay its preliminary plans before a body which was able to pass authoritatively upon them. These plans are, quite properly, highly confidential. I am at liberty, however, to indicate their general character.

In my opinion, a proper carrying out of the industrial mobilization plans formulated in my office will "take the profit out of war" and accomplish in large measure the purpose of those who have advocated a "universal draft" of property, money, and civilian labor. And such a plan is adapted in peace as in war to coördinate our economic life and ration our civilian population. The plan is there and the Army is ready, should it be called upon to act.

It is this fact that makes the Army's handling of the C. C. C. so significant. Its action in mobilizing, conditioning, feeding, clothing, transporting, housing, paying, and caring for the physical welfare, recreation, and general morale of 300,000 members of the Civilian Conservation Corps was performed with a speed, orderliness, calmness, general efficiency, and complete satisfaction of all concerned which surprised the great majority of the citizens of the United States.

I BELIEVE that history will record the successful carrying out of the Army's part of the reforestation program as one of its most notable peacetime achievements. The program was to be supervised by the Labor, Agriculture, War, and Interior Departments. The Army, however, very soon proved that it was the only government agency which has the facilities and the trained personnel capable of performing a great majority of the tasks in connection with an undertaking of this nature. The selection of the men was accomplished by the Department of Labor. While actually at work the men are under the supervision of the technical experts from other departments, mainly the Forestry Service of the Department of the Interior. The Army did the rest.

As further evidence of the Army's ability to carry out major economic policies, I will mention the fact that the Finance Department of the Army has been recently employed to make disbursements for the Department of Agriculture in paying meat packers for their services in connection with the disposal of surplus pork products. *It was the only organized set-up already in the field that could take over this emergency duty without additional costs and additional organization.*

Sooner or later, in my opinion, we shall have to clear away many of the emergency organizations and simplify the government picture at Washington. Although the Democratic platform called for the reduction and consolidation of government bureaus, since March 4, 1933, it has been necessary to create fourteen new federal departments at Washington. Many simply duplicate or extend the services which the Army is already organized to supply.

It would not be too much to say that with proper constitutional authority the Army could take over and run them in the interest of the New Deal.

It is my opinion that the Army *should* take over immediately some of the activities which are now being handled by some of the new executive agencies. Whether or not it is true, as many hold, that the C. C. C. camps are the forerunners of the great civilian labor armies of the future, I believe that this activity should be expanded and put under the control of the Army.

WHILE unemployment is rapidly decreasing, there have always been large numbers of unemployed in this country. Despite prospects of improvement in the coming months, I prophesy that by next summer a million young men will be enrolled in the Civilian Conservation Corps.

I should also like to see extended to every unemployed veteran of the World War who desires it an opportunity to enroll in this corps. I should like private industry this winter to adopt a rule by which one disabled veteran would be given a job for every hundred able-bodied workers, thus supplementing the present reduced federal outlay on pensions.

I should like to see a physical education program developed in these camps that would not only make their members familiar with games but would give them such skill that when they return home they could be leaders in recreational programs among their own people. I should like to see them organize athletic associations like the German Turnvereins and the Sokols of Central Europe, which would result in raising the physical standards of our entire population.

The lessons which the Army has learned from this experience will in themselves prove invaluable. Our young officers are receiving lessons in practical leadership: the Army's traditional "hard-boiled" theories of discipline have had to be discarded in favor of force of character and natural leadership.

The result in the American Army of the future will be better morale and better relations between officers and men.

I believe, however, that of far greater importance at this time are the stabilizing effects that the carrying out of the program will exert upon the moral and social structure of the whole country.

In my opinion, next year the individual C. C. C. set-up should be eliminated in the interest of economy and efficiency and the whole program taken over by the Army as part of its regular duties. We do not desire to make soldiers out of the C. C. C. boys against their will, but we do desire to help direct and develop this great experiment in long-range social economics and in physical training.

In the same way, I believe that the Army should take over the work of rationing the unemployed which is now being admirably performed by the Federal Emergency Relief Administration. This is solely in the interest of efficiency and economy. I urge these basic reforms in no narrow spirit of selfishness on behalf of the Army, which is trained to do its duty without thought of public praise.

If the Army were so directed, it could organize the veterans of the World War, the C. C. C. men, and through them the administration of the emergency relief, into a system of economic storm troops that could support the government's efforts to smash the depression. If the Army is not so directed, it will, as always, stand by and await orders.

For the Army has conducted all of its activities with a scrupulous respect for the wishes of its superiors: the civilian Congress, the civilian President—its constitutional Commander in Chief—and the civilian Secretary of War.

THE END

There were still a few minutes to run before midnight. Croyle made his way between the tables.

(Reading time: 23 minutes 5 seconds.)

Holiday time, an open fire, an armchair, a magazine with a shuddersome story in it. Inseparable! And why not? Think of Irving's hobgoblin tales; he had been a magazine editor. Think of Poe's The Masque of the Red Death—a magazine story. Think of Marley's ghost first walking through Scrooge's bolted door in a holiday annual of Dickens's own. No question about it! This holiday-week Liberty lives up to a great tradition in offering such a fine, creepy, goose-fleshing ghost story of a heartbreaking love as this one.

By A. E. W. MASON

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HARRY T. FISK

SYLVIA STRODE threw a party on New Year's Eve at the Semiramis Hotel. She summoned to it the young and lovely as the groundwork, then the lame ducks, the old friends who were getting a little sere at the edges, and the new ones with the fresh glisten of their youth—the medley, in fact, in which her wise warm heart delighted.

One of the lame ducks had refused her invitation, and as she looked about the big long table his absence threatened to spoil the perfection of her pleasure. But, after all, he came, and the odd circumstances of his coming made that evening especially memorable to her. Some amongst her guests afterward, when the facts were known, pretended some uneasiness and shivered. But Sylvia Strode knew better, and she marked the night in the Roman style with a white stone.

There were still a few minutes to run before midnight. The lights throughout the restaurant were already being dimmed. On ships at sea quartermasters were getting ready to strike, on this one occasion in the twelve months, sixteen bells. And Michael Croyle made his way between the tables as quickly as the crowded room allowed. Sylvia caught sight of him, stood up, and called him to her side.

"Michael! You wrote to me that you couldn't come."

"I found to my surprise that I could," he answered laughing. "So I ran. I am nearly out of breath."

Sylvia made room for him at her side and ordered a waiter to bring up a chair.

Michael Croyle was a man of middle age, thin, gray, and worn, with as a rule the hag-

The Bridge

A Story of New Year's Eve, and a Love that Found Its Way in the Dark

gard look of a man waiting for something to happen which wouldn't and didn't happen. But tonight the haggard look had gone. Michael's eyes were bright and untired; his manner was at last at ease; he was secure; and a smile promising good news teased Sylvia.

"Tell me," she said; and as she bent her head toward him she noticed in the dim light that with the contentment and the ease a new spirituality, like a quality of some one borne on wings, was luminous behind the mask of his face.

She looked round upon her guests. They were talking and laughing at the tops of their voices, with ridiculous caps of tinsel and tissue paper perched above their gay flushed faces. Sylvia turned comfortably to the middle-aged man at her side.

"Tell me! You have till midnight."

"Have I?" he asked, and he looked behind him to the white face of the clock glimmering upon the wall. "I want no more time, but I do want that much. I want you to know. For you were very good to me a year or so ago."

Sylvia shrugged her young shoulders.

"I did nothing—"

"Except make me perpetually aware that in the midst of your own happiness you had thought and time to spare for the distress I was—what shall I say?—wilting—yes, wilting under." He spoke with a smile upon his lips, as though he were contemplating, with a trifle of pity and a good deal more of amusement, some foolish child who had mistaken a slight wound for a mortal hurt.

"That wasn't very much for me to do," Sylvia put in, "since it was at my house that you first met Joan Ferrers and came in for all this trouble."

"My dear," Croyle answered, "you gave me five years of wonder. Joan, twenty-three, lovely with her brown-black hair with the glinting lights in it, her enormous dark eyes, and the throb of color in her cheeks—and I, a battered thirty-five with a wife who didn't want me and wouldn't divorce me. Had I been able to marry Joan, there would have been heaven already. But we had five years—such fun too." And he nodded his head with a wistful laugh at his recollections. "Fun, the little silly jokes in common—Lord, don't they make the passionate side twice as glorious? You laugh, and you slip an arm under hers and you feel it answer to yours, and you don't laugh any more but you pity the world and every one who passes you."

Sylvia looked at the clock. Here were the minutes running on to midnight, when the lights would go out and up again, and there would be Auld Lang Synes and seasonable greetings and all the rest of the paraphernalia of the New Year, and what had happened to Michael Croyle on this wonderful evening would be hidden forever from her knowledge. For he would never tell her unless he told her tonight—of that she felt sure.

"YOU must get along, Michael," she warned him.

All that he had said so far Sylvia knew already. She knew too of the toss which Joan Ferrers had taken when she was hunting in the New Forest; of her removal to a nursing home pitched on a high stretch of moor above that sea of trees, and of her long waiting with a broken spine.

"Joan put up a great fight, didn't she, Sylvia? She wouldn't give in, would she? Only every now and then a little word when she wasn't watching slipped past her tongue. Once, on an evening when her fever abated, she said with a laugh of delight, 'I'm cool. Think of it!' And she drew a breath—enough to shiver your heart, eh? But she was going to mend—surely she would. And then everything came with a rush. The Powers which fix the dates—Joan was weakened down to her date. A

" I had an idea that Joan read them over my shoulder."

fortnight and she drifted out in her sleep."

Sylvia urged him on with an excitement which, even so, was a little unaccountable to herself.

" The afternoon when I was told that a fortnight would end everything, I came up from Hampshire by train," Croyle continued. " Just at one place by chance I looked out of the window. I saw a stretch of heath, a white tavern at a corner, and a broad strip of road—just a few yards of it—

" Joan used to drive down that road in my great car to join me when I had a house by the sea. She was like a child with a magnificent new toy, except that besides enjoying the toy she saw the fun of herself enjoying her toy. She used to sit forward and take the salutes of the traffic men and crossing guards. She loved and laughed at any sort of magnificence.

" AS I looked suddenly out of the window of the railway carriage at a point in the road where, always on race days and often on others, a man would be standing with his hand to the peak of his cap as she passed—I knew—oh, *not* in words, but in terms of months and years—that she would never drive down that road again until the end of time, and chuckle at herself acting the great lady in her fine big car. So I have never driven down that road again," he added simply, " and when I have had to pass in the train that corner with the white public house—the Duke of Cornwall I think it's called—I've sat at the window on the other side of the carriage. See? "

" Yes; I can follow that," said Sylvia.

" Until this week," he continued. " When for no reason whatever my whole point of view changed."

Michael Croyle laid his hand upon Sylvia's arm and gave it a little shake.

" Just listen! You know, or rather you don't know, that I have kept up writing letters."

" To Joan? "

" Yes."

Sylvia stared at him.

"Just the same sort of letters which I used to write when she was lying in her nursing home. The sort of long letters lovers can write—putting down anything which might amuse the other."

"But what in the world," Sylvia exclaimed, "did you do with the letters when you had finished them?"

Michael Croyle laughed.

"I didn't post them, you may be sure. But I didn't have to. I had an idea—no, a conviction—that Joan read them over my shoulder as I wrote them. Sylvia, I have felt the touch of her hand upon my shoulder. I have heard a faint gurgle of laughter at something which I knew would amuse her. I never dared turn around—that way Eurydice was lost. I just went on. Well, I was writing to her on the day before your invitation came, and right in the middle of the letter I understood that I needn't write any more—that letter writing was at an end."

"But something must have happened! Something which you have forgotten!"

Croyle shook his head.

"No, my dear. Letter writing had come definitely to an end. That was all."

"Something took its place!"

And Croyle laughed and agreed.

"But not immediately. I am bound to say that I did expect something."

"A message?" Sylvia asked, and she, following unconsciously in his humour, spoke as if Joan were living next door in a London street and might be expected to send round a note at any moment.

"But it didn't come," Croyle answered. "You are right, however. I expected it enough to feel that I must say no to your invitation, Sylvia. I had to hold myself ready."

"For what?"

"Honestly, I don't know. For everything—for nothing. It was nothing, you see; and since it was nothing, I thought that I had better write to you and ask whether it was too late for me to come to your party after all."

"Why didn't you?" Sylvia asked.

"I began to," said Croyle. "In fact I was actually writing when it occurred to me that the time had come for me to revisit all the places which were associated with Joan in my mind. I had fought shy of them. So I telegraphed to an hotel in the New Forest, to which I used to go from Friday to Monday whilst Joan was lying ill. You remember the nursing home? It was a big square house built, I think, upon the highest point of the forest. The main road to Southampton passed it and was joined below the house by the side road from Brockenhurst. You dipped down from this fortress of a house through Burling and came to my hotel—a long red house on the road, with a big garden and orchard behind it. I telegraphed for the suite of rooms I used to have, looking out on to the garden, and when I had secured them I went down by train on the last day of the year."

"Today!" Sylvia cried.

"Yes, today," answered Michael.

Then how was it that he was back again, and so soon?

"DO you know," Michael continued, "that I sat close by the window I used to avoid, and that I waited impatiently for the glimpse of the dark road by the Duke of Cornwall public house at the corner? There's a miserable little triangle of bare grass and sand between the railway and the road which is a golf course—and I should think the only golf course where the members still go proudly out in red jackets. I looked out for the flashes of red, oddly excited. I laughed when I saw two of them between the sparse bushes, and then the Duke's white inn flew by and vanished—but not before I had seen a Rolls-Royce skimming along the tarmac and a traffic man with his hand to the peak of his cap in a military salute."

Sylvia leaned forward.

"A tryst, then!" she whispered; and Michael Croyle sat back, he in his turn surprised.

"That never occurred to me!" he cried.

He sat in silence for a little while, and then with a shake of the head:

"No, my dear. If it had been Joan in that car I should have known, shouldn't I? Oh, yes, I must have known. It was the merest coincidence," and he shook his head. "I reached the Forest Hotel," he continued, "late in the afternoon. A good many people had come there, either for a change or more probably to escape the festivities of the season. For they were most of them rather old solitary people: a retired general from the Punjab; a couple of those elderly spinsters who tramp the world with Baedekers under their arms; a pensioned governess; a man who had given his life to watching birds; a middle-aged couple without children—that sort of visitor. All of them friendly, making the best of things, achieving a kind of gayety—but on the whole a rather pathetic gathering.

"There was, however, one young couple, recently married. Both good-looking and both tremendously in love but decently in love. There was a touch of Millamant in their behavior. They were reserved and very private with each other, though every now and then they broke down over some little joke of their own and gave themselves away."

Sylvia laughed. Michael might have been describing Joan and himself in the days when she had lived.

"THEY were charming to us," Michael continued. "If they thought us the waifs and strays of the world they gave not a sign of it, unless their consideration was a sign. We met in the lounge for a cocktail before dinner; we dined at small tables in the dining room looking on the garden, talking to each other across the room; and after dinner we played a game."

He dwelled for a moment upon the phrase. "Yes, we played a game. Some one had to go out of the room. The rest of us had to agree upon some object in the room upon which we were to concentrate our thoughts. Then the person outside the room was to be called back into it and find out by asking questions or watching the direction of our eyes what it was we were thinking about."

"Wasn't that all rather commonplace?" Sylvia asked.

"It was very commonplace," Croyle agreed. "That's what makes the whole affair to me so true and natural. There was no drama. The evening flowed, just flowed, to its end, like a quiet river to the sea."

"The evening?" Sylvia stammered. "*This* evening? Tonight?"

"Yes, tonight," Michael answered, wondering apparently what puzzled her.

But how in the world, since he was here in London and the time still short of twelve, could he have spent that evening a hundred miles away in Hampshire? Sylvia drew away from him as if she were afraid that his mind had gone; but she saw that he noticed her movement and that a shadow darkened his face. She leaned forward at once.

"Tonight. Yes. I see, my dear. You poor derelicts were playing animal, vegetable, mineral in the drawing-room of your hotel."

"Yes. The drawing-room was a little-used room in the front of the house overlooking the road. My sitting room was behind it and opened on to the garden and had a door into the drawing-room. It was therefore the natural room to be used as the waiting room whilst the thing to be guessed was decided upon. Of course the young wife, Cynthia Stile, was chosen to go out of the room. She was a tallish slim girl with hair the color of corn, and gray eyes, and she was dressed in a blue frock which set off her white throat and shoulders perfectly. I remember that one of the traveling spinsters cried out in a burst of enthusiasm as soon as the door of my sitting room was closed upon Cynthia, 'Oh, I do hope she guesses it quickly!'

"Mark Stile, the husband, laughed confidently. 'I don't think Cynthia will be long,' he said, and we set ourselves to agreeing upon some object in the room. We chose in the room a rose in a bunch of flowers which stood in a glass vase upon a mat on the grand piano. Then the general, who was appointed master of the ceremonies, rose and went to the door of my sitting room. He called out:

"'Mrs. Stile! We are ready.'

"He then resumed his seat. So we all sat posed rather

like figures in Madame Tussaud's and waiting for Cynthia Stile to appear and question us.

"But she didn't appear. We waited, thinking that she had snatched the occasion to run off to her room, repair the vermilion of her lips and powder her nose. We weren't impatient. No; we rather liked her for it. We thought these pretty attentions to her looks were a pretty compliment to us, the derelicts. But still she didn't appear.

"I don't pretend to be more sensitive than another to the vibrations and reactions of the people about me, but I became conscious of a gradual and extraordinary change in the mood of all of us. A few minutes ago we were playing with the semiserious attention of grown-ups in such circumstances, an after-dinner game which should carry us comfortably on to the moment when we would turn out the lights, fling open the windows, and hear the church bells pealing across the glades of the New Forest messages and messages and messages!

"But now the idea of the New Year imminent was being wiped out of our minds. Something was going to happen—here and now. Something was happening—here and now. That's how I read the new conviction which was creeping from guest to guest in the silent room of the Forest Hotel, dominating us, binding us in the very spells of expectation.

"It needed one of the traveling ladies to break a silence which was intolerable and seemed unbreakable. I suppose she was of a firmer mold than the rest of us.

"'I wish Cynthia would come,' she said fretfully. Yes, we already, even on so slight an acquaintance, thought of her as Cynthia. But her voice was not quite under control. It rose and quavered, almost with a hint of hysteria—certainly with a note of fear. It was the note of fear, calling to the same unacknowledged feeling in all of us, which brought Mark Stile to his feet.

"'I'll fetch her,' he said, and he hurried to the door.

"Just for a fraction of a second he hesitated and the handle of the door rattled in his grasp. Then he turned it. As the door opened, we saw through the opening that the room was in darkness. Mark Stile slipped in.

"'Cynthia!' he called in panic. Then the alarm was drowned in laughter. 'Oh!' he added, and he shut the door behind him.

"His burst of laughter set us all at ease. The old general growled and twisted his mustache and said good-humoredly: 'The young monkey! She's up to some mischief.'

"WE were delighted that she was. Cynthia Stile was going to play some pleasant and unexpected trick upon us. We could wait at our ease now. She had enlisted her husband. Very well! Then it needed a little preparation. We must give them time. And meanwhile we might guess as cleverly as our brains could manage it what entertainment the lovers were plotting for us. From a charade to a séance, from a duologue to a dance, we ranged through the possibilities, and then the man whose life was given to watching birds said suddenly:

"'They are a long time, aren't they?'

"They had been a long time. And all our unstable fears began to crowd and gibber at us again. We began to watch the door now, dreading that it should open rather than wishing that it would. I should have said, Sylvia, *they* began to watch the door. *They* were afraid. I could feel fear, their fear, throbbing me, attacking me."

"But you weren't afraid," said Sylvia.

"I hadn't room for fear," Michael Croyle answered. "I was simply conscious that it was my turn now to go into that room. This certainty filled me and I got up from my chair.

"'Oh, you're not going to follow them!' cried one of the ladies in a voice of agitation—I think that it was the middle-aged stoutish wife.

"'It's time that I did,' I answered, and the husband grumbled a protest against my folly.

"'Not a bit of it, Mr. Croyle,' he said. 'There's heaps of time. You'll probably just spoil their game when they've just got it ready for us. Have a heart and give them a chance! There's still an hour to go before midnight.'

"He was right, for I looked at my watch. The hands pointed exactly to eleven o'clock. But the time mentioned was merely an excuse to stop me from doing the thing which it was ordained that I should do. But an earthquake would not have stopped me at that moment. I got up from my chair.

"'It's my turn,' I said. 'I am called.' And I walked to the door rather stiffly, like a man walking along a narrow board.

"As I turned the handle and went into the room I heard the governess say, as the door closed softly behind me, 'I heard nobody call him. He's as white as a ghost.'

"That, of course, was the merest imagination. They were all, I think, worked up to expect that some startling and dreadful catastrophe was hidden in my sitting room. What I was expecting, frankly, I cannot tell you. During the last few minutes I had been moving without volition, like an automaton on a string, but an automaton with his senses alert.

"The room in which I stood was dark, but outside the moon was riding high behind a fleece of white cloud and all the garden was bathed in a wan and vaporous light. The long windows stood open and the freshness of the dew filled the air. It was very still. And on the lawn in front of me Mark Stile was walking with his wife, his arm about her shoulders.

"THAT was what the catastrophe amounted to, Sylvia. Cynthia Stile, by the simple device of not answering the summons to the drawing-room, had lured her husband to join her in the glamour of that forest garden. Once he had joined her, the magic of the night, something mystical in the pale radiance which lit it up, and the amazing riddle to them of their love obliterated from their minds the drawing-room and our commonplace little company. They were deep in talk, and we had ceased to be.

"Yes, but it couldn't go on. They weren't playing fair! We were a little community gathered up by chance into this space amongst the trees, and united by certain needs most acutely felt at this one season of the year—children, relations, love, all of which we were without. And the two lovers, because they had everything they wanted, were a real solace to each one of us. They couldn't be allowed to get away by themselves on this night of all nights. They were a ministration to us the derelicts. So they must minister. I had to see to it that these lucky people did their duty by the waifs and strays.

"I moved toward the window. But before I could open my mouth I heard a whisper behind me:

"'Don't call, my dear!'

"The whisper was low and clear and—you won't think me a fool, Sylvia?—in a moment the tears were running down my cheeks. You know how impossible it is to hear again by memory, however much you ply your imagination, a voice which once played upon your heart the loveliest music in the world. How often I had tried to recapture it! But it is just as impossible to mistake it when it falls actually upon your ears. Joan! Of course it was Joan who was speaking, and at once everything was explained to me: why my letter writing had come to an end, why I could watch the stretch of road with the white tavern at the corner without distress, why I had come back to the hotel in the forest which I had looked upon as forbidden land for me. I cried without shame, and I felt Joan's hand upon my shoulder.

"I turned round—or rather she turned me round. There was nothing strange or new in her. She was wearing a white-velvet dress which she had bought in London just before her accident and had, I remembered, once worn. She glimmered white against the black of the room, her eyes darkly shining, her lips lovely with a smile. I think I babbled some excuse for my tears. I know that she was in my arms. The last time I had seen her, I had stooped and kissed her forehead—and it had been cold as marble. I remembered at this moment that I had not been sorry, for the coldness was a sign that the long days and nights of pain were over. I could afford to remember it, for now her lips were warm and tender and she lay in my arms pulsing with blood and life.

"'Dearest and dearest, I have wanted you!' I said.

"Joan stroked her hand down my cheek.

"'I know, darling. I read your letters.'

"'You did?'

"'Yes. Over your shoulder as you wrote them.'

"'I thought you did.'

"'Had you once faltered in your need of me,' she said with loving pride, 'I could not have come to you *tonight*.' And her arms clung to me. 'As it is—' And such a sigh of happiness broke from her lips as made all my sorrows of no account.

"'You are here,' I said, and I laughed.

"Joan laid a finger on my lips.

"'Hush!'—and she pointed to the lovers deep in talk upon the lawn. I had forgotten them as *completely as they had* forgotten us. 'We owe them a great deal,' said Joan, with a laugh in her eyes. 'Don't let us bring them to earth before we need.'

"'What do we owe them?' I asked in a low voice.

"'But for them I couldn't have come to you, my dear. To come to you there was a bridge needed for me to *cross—and the only one* bridge by which I could cross—the bridge of a perfect love. That is the Law.'

"I looked out through the window to where the two lovers waited in the silver-gray and misty light for the chimes to break upon the stillness of the night. They seemed to me farther away than they had been, ever so much farther.

"The air about them was more vaporous; but it made a sort of archway in which they stood quite clearly, bathed in a lovely silver radiance. And all the time Joan's hand was clasping mine, her breath upon my cheek. . . . I wanted you to know, Sylvia, for I am going to slip out when the lights go down."

Michael had hardly finished speaking when the lights went out in the great restaurant and every ship flying the red ensign between pole and pole struck sixteen bells.

When the lights went up again, and the band broke into Auld Lang Syne, and Sylvia reached out a crossed hand to Michael Croyle, he had gone.

"You saw him go?" she asked quietly of her neighbor as she closed up the gap.

"Her lips were warm and tender and she lay in my arms pulsing with life."

"Yes. He whispered good night and went away."

And with that answer Sylvia was contented, but only for a little while.

Michael Croyle had spoken of New Year's Eve as of a time long since past. But it was this New Year's Eve nevertheless, the New Year's Eve which only five minutes ago was still tonight. He had told her a story of events not an hour old—events which had happened to him a hundred miles away in the depths of the New Forest.

But he had not finished his story. Sylvia sat back in her chair startled and for a moment dismayed. It was she who had to finish it. She was sure of it, just as Michael had been sure that it was his turn to go into that room which opened on to the garden.

"I shan't be a moment," she said to the man who sat next to her. "Will you come with me to the telephone?"

She tried to call up Croyle's house in Deanery Street, but she could not get on.

She rang up the supervisor, and was told that the line was occupied by a trunk call from the New Forest, where Michael Croyle had just died in a room opening upon the garden.

THE END

The PRIVATE LIFE OF Katharine Hepburn

"She Has Met Heartbreak Face to Face, and May Some Day Be Our Greatest Actress"—A Close-up of the Screen's Most-Talked-About New Star

(Reading time: 14 minutes 45 seconds.)

SHE has loved one man only in all her life—a very tall, broad young man with dark hair and keen eyes and a humorous mouth whom she met while she was still in college.

Sorrow laid its hand upon her youth in the untimely death of her idolized older brother.

Her intellectual New England family, whose members have been in the forefront of every American crusade from the Boston Tea Party to the fight for woman suffrage, made her what she is today.

When she followed her mother's footsteps into the ivy-clad halls of Bryn Mawr, she intended to become a psychologist.

Her creed of life is individualism and work and her goal is clear before her, and she brings to them both the same boyish fervor with which she sold suffrage balloons upon the streets of New York when she was only ten.

Yet to watch her with her young sister Marion, who she claims is the "real genius of the family," is to realize that her soul is as maternal as her mother's—that mother who bore six children to grow up in the fine old Connecticut home with its famous garden.

As vital as Mussolini, as natural as a small boy sitting on a fence, as honest as her own freckles, Katharine Hepburn is not only a great actress and potentially the greatest we have ever had in this country—she is the finest type of girlhood and womanhood that America produces.

By ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

But it is difficult to see this real Katharine Hepburn through the tangled tales that wrap her from sight.

She's temperamental. She isn't temperamental—that's just an act to make Hollywood Hepburn-conscious.

She's completely nuts. She isn't—she's shrewd and calculating.

She's a wild woman. She isn't a wild woman—she's merely showing off.

She has $16,000,000 and gave up a brilliant social life to go on the stage against her family's wishes. She hasn't a penny and she isn't related to the rich and prominent Hepburns at all. She rides in an imported sedan with a uniformed chauffeur and footman—she drives her own old tin rattletrap. She's noisy and cyclonic—she's high-hat and frozen-faced. She's married—she isn't married. She has two children—she hasn't any. She's eighteen—she's thirty-five. . . .

You can see for yourself that all these things cannot possibly be true. Yet all of them have been broadcast.

"People," said Katharine Hepburn, "have some very funny ideas about me, haven't they?"

We were sitting in the small drawing-room of her New York home. It is a delightful made-over old house on a side street just off Fifth Avenue.

"It's partly your own fault," I answered. "You never tell anybody anything. You can talk more and say less that matters about yourself than anybody in pictures."

"I know," she said. "But—do you like to talk about yourself?" She gave me that wide, little-boy grin of hers. "You're Irish and I'm Scotch. That's the difference. And then, you were born in California and I was born in Connecticut."

"When necessary she can wear clothes with dash."

Left: As she looked just before she entered college.

Right: In her childhood, "a skinny, freckled youngster."

We talked about the difference between New England and the Far West. Then she tried to sell me on golf. Her enthusiasm was delightful. It filled the room.

Katharine Hepburn is never neutral nor indifferent nor casual about anything. Her eyes, which are very light blue, a strange turquoise blue, are always terribly alive. Her words tumble over each other breathlessly, she has so much to say. But she is a good listener too.

We had a violent argument about a book which I liked and she didn't. It was such fun that we both decided to read the book again. The name of a motion-picture star I don't admire came up and I spoke my mind freely. When I had finished, Katharine roared with laughter.

"YOU either like a person a lot or you just don't like them at all," she said. "I'm like that myself. But, do you know, I don't believe it's *people* we like or dislike. I think we admire or detest certain traits of character. I admire courage more than anything. And I despise double-crossing." She gave me a quick frank look and said, "I hope you like me."

There was something very shy and sweet and honest in having a girl with the world at her feet say that.

Since Katharine Hepburn swept to fame in eighteen months, the number of people who claim to have discovered her outranks the number of Follies girls in Hollywood.

Only one person discovered Katharine Hepburn. No portrait of her could be complete without George Cukor, who is today the best motion-picture director in Hollywood and who made such outstanding triumphs as Dinner at Eight and Little Women.

I was walking along the RKO lot one day after lunch when I was accosted by a large dark

gentleman who seemed on the verge of spontaneous combustion.

"It's too terrible!" said George Cukor. "It's fantastic! Nothing on *earth* can make me do it."

"What's wrong?" I said.

He explained volubly that after testing hundreds of girls for the great part of the daughter in Bill of Divorcement the powers that be in the studio had decided to cast for it a pretty little blonde ingénue. "She's a lovely girl," he said. "She'd make a great Little Eva. But if she plays Sidney *one* of us will never live through the picture."

He broke down and went away weeping and shuddering in all his two hundred pounds.

A few days later he burst into my office.

"I've just seen a test of the girl I want for Bill of Divorcement," he said. "She's too marvelous! She'll be greater than Garbo! Nobody wants her but me, so come and help me fight for her. You don't need to see the test. It's a foul test anyhow. She looks like a boa constrictor on a fast. But she's great!"

By this time George was dashing across the studio lawn, dragging me behind him.

"Take my word for it, darling. Just say you think she's great. Start raving. Don't go *too* strong—just say she'll be better in the part than Katharine Cornell—"

We were tearing up the studio stairs.

"I can't yell about her," I said in gasps, "unless I know who the hell she *is*."

"Katharine Hepburn!" George shouted.

That was the first time, upon a hot afternoon in 1932, that I ever heard the name.

Well, I did my bit of yelling, to which nobody paid the slightest attention. They didn't want her. They said she was awful. For it took months to learn to photograph Hepburn, it took the greatest care to record her voice properly, and so the test wasn't very good.

Bring *that* gal out from New York, when Hollywood was full of fine experienced young actresses? George, they said, had gone cuckoo.

And when they finally yielded to George's wailings and sent a wire to her agent, Leland Hayward, and found out that this unknown young woman wanted *fifteen hundred dollars a week*, David Selznick, then head of RKO, simply collapsed.

BUT Cukor went on making everybody's life miserable. He nagged Mr. Selznick until in sheer desperation, and also because he had enormous faith in Cukor, David sent for Miss Katharine Hepburn.

And Miss Katharine Hepburn was simply furious and didn't want to come to Hollywood one little bit. She loved the stage, where, after four years of discouragements, she had made her first and only hit in Warrior's Husband. And she didn't want to leave her husband. But she finally gave in—it was only for three weeks, and that was a lot of money.

Having won the first battle, Cukor's troubles weren't over by any means. As long as I live I will never forget the first day she appeared on the lot. Everybody was in the commissary at lunch when she walked in with Mr. Cukor. Several executives nearly fainted. Mr. Selznick swallowed a chicken wing whole. We beheld a tall skinny girl entirely covered with freckles and wearing the most appalling and incredible clothes I have ever seen in all my life. They looked like something Lee Tracy would design for the Mexican army to go ski-jumping in. Yet you could tell that they were supposed to be the last word.

George Cukor looked across at us. He was a little pale, but still in the ring. He didn't eat any lunch.

I was present at the first—and last—bout between him and his protégée.

With George Cukor, the director who discovered her, when Little Women and her success were in the making.

The scene was in the wardrobe department of RKO. Miss Hepburn had arrived only that day, but she had to be on the set the next morning. Therefore it was necessary to get her clothes with all possible speed. But one dress after another was rejected by the young lady from New York. She just didn't like any of 'em.

GEORGE sat back and looked and listened. Finally, when the designer had reached the desperation point, he spoke: "Do you like that rig you've got on?"

"I certainly do," she said coolly. "It was created specially for me by one of the finest houses in Paris."

"Well," said Mr. Cukor, "I think it stinks. I think it's the worst-looking thing I ever saw on any woman in my whole life. I think anybody who would wear it outside the bathroom doesn't know what clothes are. Now what do you think of that?"

There was a moment of tense silence—and then she began to laugh. She laughed so hard she finally sat down on the floor. Eventually everybody was in hysterics—she has that kind of laugh.

"You win!" she said. "Pick out the clothes you want."

"And what's more," said he, "you need a haircut."

As they came out of the barber shop Kate Hepburn looked up at him and said very quietly, "And by the way, I've a steel splinter in my eye—got it on the train. Do you think you could find me a doctor?"

She had waited until the work was done, enduring considerable pain, before she mentioned that.

From that day forward she and Cukor became devoted friends. Katharine Hepburn gives him all credit for her swift success. And indeed she should. But it's very nice to hear her do it every chance she gets. Stars sometimes forget.

The truth is that Katharine knows nothing about clothes and cares less, though when necessary she can wear them with dash and elegance. You see, for one thing, she is a Bryn Mawr girl. I have known a good many Bryn Mawr girls who cared just as little for clothes. They don't go in for fashionable attire. I shouldn't be at all surprised if those faded overalls that were called "part of Miss Hepburn's act" in Hollywood had come with her from the campus.

Katharine Hepburn during her four college years was absorbed in psychology. Her ambition was to become a psychologist.

Then suddenly her childish wish to be an actress crystallized. The first person she told about this was her psychology prof.

"Nothing will help you more in acting," he told her, "than a knowledge of psychology. You will have a foundation that will enable you to understand every feeling and make it real."

But in spite of all that, Katharine Hepburn fell in love with Ludlow Ogden Smith, who lived just a few miles away in Philadelphia and belonged to one of that city's oldest and most prominent families.

They met during her junior year, at a dance. The following summer Luddy visited the Hepburns in their summer place at Fenwick, Connecticut. In Katharine's senior year they were much together, and on December 12, 1928, just six months after her graduation, they were married at the Hepburn home in Hartford.

Already she had decided upon her career. And her husband understood and approved. He was fair enough to see that she must carry on where her restless energy, her ambition, her whole training led her.

In a way, Ludlow Ogden Smith is as definite a personality as his famous wife. For all his quietness and his easy good manners, anybody would think several times before calling him "Katharine Hepburn's husband"—and then decide against it.

Yet it was one of Kate Hepburn's greatest fears when she first became a great star—that fear of what it might do to her marriage.

By profession Ludlow Smith is a broker, but he is more. Men who know him well say he is something of a statistical wizard in finance, with an amazing grasp of world economic conditions. In his own world he is an important figure, and he takes great joy in his work, which is the reason he will never go to Hollywood.

Between these two, throughout the years of their married life, has existed a perfect understanding and comradeship. Katharine shoots a 76 on the golf course, but he can beat her. They have roamed about the world together. "I *like* him better than any one else I know," Katharine once said to a close friend. "It's very important to like the man you're in love with. And he loves all my family just as well as I do."

Whether this marriage can survive their long separations, whether it will weather the new problems that must come from Katharine Hepburn's extraordinary success, no one can tell. Certainly it is not easy to conduct a marriage at such long range, to be happy three thousand miles apart, to keep a close union when two people are both vitally absorbed and keenly ambitious concerning their own very different careers.

THIS much is certain: Katharine Hepburn is today interested in her work above everything else.

And second to that comes her family—that family which always has and always will mean so much to her.

The Hepburns were a unit—and it was a family run entirely for the children. Katharine Hepburn's mother and father are remarkable people. Dr. Thomas N. Hepburn is a Virginian who moved early to New England, where for thirty years he has been a physician and surgeon in Hartford. He is a very well known surgeon, but the people of Hartford will tell you that the tall quiet man is something more than that. He is the sort of doctor who brings comfort by his very presence.

He adored his small daughter Kate. He talked with her as man to man even when she was only a leggy skinny freckled youngster with a million questions on her eager tongue. He answered them all with infinite wisdom and patience; he confided in her often because she was so swiftly sympathetic.

That is one reason why Katharine Hepburn saves her money today, why she doesn't go in for glamour and glitter. It isn't the easiest thing in the world to bring up a family of six children on a doctor's earnings, even if he is a successful doctor. Especially when those six children must be sent to the finest schools and to Harvard and Bryn Mawr.

And Katharine feels that it is right that some day her father should retire. Probably she will have a hard time making him do it, but that is one of her goals.

Katharine Houghton Hepburn, her mother, is a cousin of that Houghton who was American ambassador to England not so long ago.

A graduate of Bryn Mawr herself, member of a fine old Boston family, Mrs. Hepburn has always been a real leader in the crusades to win better conditions for workingwomen, to protect the health of poor children, to lift educational standards.

When she was a little girl, Kate often went with her mother on these pilgrimages. She knew Margaret Sanger and she used to sit on Emma Goldman's knee and hear her plead for decent conditions among the factory workers. She heard her mother and Charlotte Perkins Gilman planning the campaign to give women the right to vote. And she met and adored Isadora Duncan.

SO it was only natural that Katharine should grow up to admire women who *did* things.

There was never the slightest objection in the family when Katharine announced that she was going on the stage. Everybody was delighted. They gathered about and helped her pack when she got her first job in a stock company in Boston. And during the four hard years in New York they were always behind her.

Today, the moment the famous Katharine Hepburn lands in New York, she makes a bee line for Hartford, and there is much rejoicing and endless conversation in the Hepburn household.

But there is one place vacant in it now.

The idol of Katharine's childhood was her older brother Tom. There was a very special love between them. The family understood that. To Tom and Tom only the girl confided her innermost thoughts and secrets. Their devotion was the shining star of her youth.

Tom died suddenly when she was still in her teens.

We went to see Little Women with Damon Runyon and his beautiful wife. When Katharine Hepburn, as Jo, held her beloved little sister, Beth, and knew that she was soon to lose her forever, I looked up and saw that Damon's eyes were wet with tears—and around New York Mr. Runyon is considered a very hard-boiled gentleman indeed.

As we went out he said, "I don't know why that got me. But there was something real about that girl's grief." He was right. There was a poignancy in those scenes that was almost unbearable.

Perhaps it welled from that deep inner place in Katharine Hepburn's heart that still bleeds for Tom. In his loss she met heartbreak face to face.

Her work is all-important to her. To it she gives the best of herself.

Some day—and it won't be so distant, I believe—Katharine Hepburn will be our greatest actress—perhaps as great as Duse. And I have never said that about any actress before in my life.

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

1—Which is the oldest college in the United States?

2—What Vice President of the United States took the oath of office at Havana, Cuba, but never served?

3—What is the meaning of *bona fide?*

4—How many years is a book copyright effective?

5—Who discovered the law of gravitation?

6—Who is the author of the recently published epic poem, John Brown's Body?

7—Who said "No pleasure is comparable to the standing upon the vantage-ground of truth"?

8—Between what degrees of latitude does continental United States lie?

9—What is meant by the phrase "not worth a continental"?

10—Who invented the first modern machine gun?

11—Who wrote Home, Sweet Home?

12—Who discovered the north pole?

13—What is a road runner?

14—What is ecology?

15—Of what word is spats an abbreviation?

16—What is a catwalk?

17—When was the first Olympiad held?

18—Who was Catherine the Great?

19—Who was Judah P. Benjamin?

20—What strait separates Newfoundland from Canada?

(Answers will be found on page 44)

LEGAL

Doris Kenyon and John Barrymore in a scene from the dramatic bail-racket film, Counsellor-at-Law.

(Reading time: 8 minutes 31 seconds.)

1 star means fairly good. 3 stars, excellent.
2 stars, good. 4 stars, extraordinary.

★★★½ COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW

THE PLAYERS: John Barrymore, Bebe Daniels, Doris Kenyon, Onslow Stevens, Isabel Jewel, Melvyn Douglas, Thelma Todd, Mayot Methot, Marvin Kline, Conway Washburne, and others. Directed by William Wyler.

Counsellor-at-Law concerns itself with a subject the movies have already investigated fairly thoroughly: a criminal lawyer with plate-glass offices, a devoted secretary, and a disloyal wife. It builds up the character of George Simon against a background of the small people in his office and against the minute subplots of a telephone operator's difficulties with an office boy, a clerk's querulous efforts to attract the attention of Simon's secretary.

Simon emerges more and more definitely, dominating the story as you come to know more about him from his effect on the people around him—his agreeable young partner, his two foster children, his illiterate mother, who wabbles into the office constantly to see how he is getting on. You expect, of course, that a situation will arise to threaten Simon's career. But when it comes it has an unexpected dramatic impact. So skillfully has Simon been developed as an important and arresting person—brilliant, unsure, and vastly likable—that his efforts to avoid disbarment are violently exciting. The tragedy of his success is as sharp a climax to a well constructed story as you are likely to see in the cinema this season.

The tricks of John Barrymore's acting are easy enough to analyze. He raises his eyebrows, rubs his chin with his knuckles, and breathes through his nose. He gets his paper-cutter profile in line with the camera as often as he can and he packs as much business as possible into every scene.

He is also the one actor in Hollywood who can make a blank in the dialogue sound more eloquent than the profanity it is supposed to represent.

The secret of Barrymore's characterizations, however, is something considerably more difficult to comprehend. Somehow he contrives to make every part he plays seem to be one that was written for him and which would have been unthinkable with any other actor. This is the trick that his imitators have not been able to copy, and it is, it seems to me, the most important item in the list of things that makes Counsellor-at-Law an eminently successful picture.

The list contains very few entries in red ink. Counsellor-at-Law has the advantage of being, so far as writing is concerned, a one-man job. Elmer Rice, adapting his own play, achieved in film almost exactly what he had achieved on the stage—a brilliant life-sized portrait, in bright colors, of a dramatic individual. William Wyler's direction gives the story more sweep and pace than it had as a play. Things to look for: Marvin Kline asking Bebe Daniels to have lunch with him, ready to whine when she says no; Angela Jacobs waddling slowly through a door on her way to lunch; Barrymore listening with wisdom and disgust to the outcries of a young communist with a bandaged head (Harry Becker).

★★★ DANCING LADY

THE PLAYERS: Joan Crawford, Clark Gable, Franchot Tone, May Robson, Winnie Lightner, Fred Astaire, Robert Benchley, Ted Healey, Gloria Foy, Art Jarrett, Grant Mitchell, Maynard Holmes, Nelson Eddy, Sterling Holloway, and others. Directed by Robert Z. Leonard.

Next to a Chicago racketeer, there is no character in the movies quite so hard-boiled as a dance director. The cowboys and Mexicans who long since vanished from the screen were effeminate and bloodless compared to the heroes of current musical comedies, and after seeing a dozen or so of these personages in the course of the past season it begins to appear that Boris Karloff is the actor best equipped to deal with the hardships which a chorus supervisor encounters in the course of life back stage.

In Dancing Lady, Clark Gable lives up to the traditions of his rôle, snarling ingratiatingly at his underlings until

Dancing Lady is the story of a girl hoofer, with Franchot Tone and Joan Crawford in leading parts.

the musical comedy he is working on arrives at a successful opening night. By this time Dancing Lady has told the story that is the backbone of all musical romances in the movies—about the girl, this time a hoofer in burlesque, who wants to be a great dancer, and the young rounder who wants to marry her; and about the parties and misunderstandings, rehearsals and fights that lead finally to her triumph.

The difference between Dancing Lady and the other musical romances of the past year goes deeper than such superficialities as plot line. Dancing Lady was written and acted, if not altogether seriously, at least with its eye on the dramatic climaxes of the narrative rather than the song numbers that close the picture. Its characters are not comic cut-outs, maneuvering jerkily from one sequence to another to bridge gaps in the music, but, as far as they can be, real people.

This comes as rather a surprise, and it is even more surprising to discover that, treated this way, the familiar

LIVELY, LYRIC

John Barrymore as a Big-Shot Attorney; Crawford, Gable, and a Back-Stage Romance; New Didos for Mr. Oakie

By BEVERLY HILLS

story of the hoofer and the dance director is by no means threadbare.

Partly because Robert Leonard directed it so well, partly because Joan Crawford makes Janie Barlow an increasingly believable and exciting person, you are likely to find yourself falling for scenes that have bored you in half a dozen other pictures: Janie Barlow's efforts to get a job even if it means talking in a Southern accent; a moment in the dance director's office when she is thanking him for hiring her; or even the scene in which a rich young man (Franchot Tone) introduces her to his deaf and lively grandmother (May Robson).

Like most Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer pictures produced by David Selznick, the details of this one were carefully, cleverly, and expensively handled. Ted Healey and his stooges fit the story perfectly. It was a smart idea to hire Robert Benchley to act as a Broadway columnist; it was even smarter to bring Fred Astaire to Hollywood for the one short dance routine he has with Joan Crawford.

Whether it is because Joan Crawford missed the excitement of working with Tone or merely because Astaire is such a good dancer, he steals the scene completely.

★★½ SITTING PRETTY

THE PLAYERS: Jack Oakie, Jack Haley, Ginger Rogers, Thelma Todd, Gregory Ratoff, Lew Cody, and others. Directed by Harry Joe Brown.

This is a regulation musical comedy about a pair of song writers who bum their way to Hollywood and there encounter such difficulties as Thelma Todd's efforts to negotiate a romance with Jack Oakie, which Ginger Rogers's romance with Jack Haley helps to solve. There are three songs in the picture that you may be hearing on your radio. The one important dance routine, staged by Larry Ceballos, is adequately handled. Written and played exclusively for laughs, Sitting Pretty is likely to get them from most audiences. Good sequence: Oakie and Haley making a cake in a cocktail shaker.

Sitting Pretty is both musical and mirthful. Jack Oakie and Ginger Rogers get many of the laughs.

Screen Comment

With Charles Laughton a smash hit as Henry VIII, Garbo in a movie about Queen Christina, Marlene Dietrich at work on Catherine the Great, Claudette Colbert preparing to be Cleopatra, Katharine Hepburn assigned to Joan of Arc, and Helen Hayes in a stage play about Mary Queen of Scots, the chances are that Hollywood will be smothered in period costumes until further notice. Not because producers are short on such notions so much, as because it will be handy to have a basis for complaining about whatever they do, we put down here a few suggestions for future castings in unwritten pictures:

Mae West as Mme. Pompadour: because her Brooklynese would suit the part, the costumes would be sufficiently padded to be becoming, and because she would have to get a new catch line.

John Barrymore as Richard III—with most, but not all, of Shakespeare's dialogue rewritten by almost any one of the scenarists.

Clara Bow as Queen Elizabeth—because she has the energy and the impudence needed to animate a rôle usually played by actresses who are too concerned with being dignified.

Jean Harlow as Marie Antoinette: in a picture that ends with the audience, but not the heroine, aware that presently her head will be chopped off.

These recommendations are based, of course, on the theory that costume plays about crowned heads should be written with as little reverence as possible and acted accordingly. If and when the vogue for historical pictures is expanded to include current celebrities, we would be pleased to see: Edward G. Robinson in a picture about Mussolini; Jackie Cooper as the small ex-King of Roumania, with Marie Dressler as Queen Marie; and, obviously, Charlie Chaplin as an imitation Hitler.

FOUR- AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Little Women, The Bowery, The Private Life of Henry VIII, Bitter Sweet, The Power and the Glory, Berkeley Square, F. P. 1, Lady for a Day, Bed of Roses, Dinner at Eight, Noah's Ark.

★★★—Eskimo, Design for Living, The Invisible Man, Only Yesterday, The Prizefighter and the Lady, Duck Soup, Cradle Song, Man's Castle, College Coach, Blonde Bombshell, The Way to Love, I'm No Angel, Take a Chance, Tillie and Gus, Ann Vickers, Footlight Parade, The Solitaire Man, S O S Iceberg, Wild Boys of the Road, The Emperor Jones, Too Much Harmony, My Weakness, I Loved a Woman, Torch Singer, Bureau of Missing Persons, Turn Back the Clock, One Man's Journey, Night Flight, Broadway to Hollywood, Paddy the Next Best Thing, Morning Glory, The Man Who Dared, Another Language, Double Harness, The Stranger's Return, Pilgrimage, Good-bye Again, I Loved You Wednesday, Voltaire, Peg o' My Heart.

Transient Lady

A Vivid Novel of Dangerous Days and the Heart of a Girl You'll Love

By

OCTAVUS ROY COHEN

(Reading time: 34 minutes 52 seconds.)

NICK KILEY, with Dale Cameron and Chris Blake and his employees, opens a skating rink in Karnak, a Southern city. Carey Marshal, a young attorney of a distinguished family, arranges the lease of the warehouse which is turned into a rink. Marshal is much taken by Dale Cameron, the professional skater with Kiley. Chris Blake, Dale's skating partner, is frankly in love with her.

Fred Baxter, brother of Hamp Baxter, political boss of the district, forces unpleasant attentions on Dale. During a gala evening at the rink, Fred Baxter and his gang of toughs become so offensive to Dale that Nick Kiley puts him out. Baxter and his gang come back to the rink later, and break in the door with threats of killing Kiley. Nick shoots in self-protection and Fred Baxter falls dead.

Nick Kiley realizes his dangerous situation and flees. With Kiley gone, the mob demands a victim and turns to Chris Blake, who was not even present at the killing. He is put in jail. In desperation Dale asks Carey Marshal to defend Chris. Carey takes the case, knowing that his client is foredoomed by the political power of Hamp Baxter, Fred's doting brother.

Part Three—Hamp Baxter Acts.

THE home of Wade Hampton Baxter is on the west bank of the Catbill River, a sluggish stream of ocher complexion which rouses itself upstate and flows lazily toward the sea, indifferent to the beauty of the country through which it passes.

The Baxter home had not always been the Baxter home. For generations it had belonged to a family which Wade Hampton Baxter was fond of referring to as "damned aristocrats."

When Hamp took possession of the place on the hillock overlooking the river it had been in a sad state of disrepair, and this Mr. Baxter had sought to rectify. He had repaired the roof—mixing pine shingles with the original cypress ones; he had restored some of the pristine glory with lavish ministrations of white paint, and then destroyed the chaste Colonial effect by permitting the house painters to decorate corners and cornices with a brilliant green. The venerable brick chimneys had been insulted and startled by finding themselves crimson-hued.

But with all the changes the house itself had marked a new milestone in the amazing career of Wade Hampton Baxter. Some small vestige of the assurance and dignity of those who had lived there in the past communicated itself to him—though he would have denied this.

The place was, in brief, a feudal castle, from which its owner ruled. And there was this to be said for Hamp Baxter: That what he possessed he had earned.

Free from intimate family ties, socially and mentally better than his relatives, Hamp Baxter had shared his home with only one person: his brother Fred—and Fred Baxter was now dead.

For the three days since they had borne Fred's body to the venerable cemetery at Blakemore church in the heart of Four Holes Swamp, Hamp Baxter had remained alone. His three ebony servants had done their household duties on tiptoe, conversing in whispers; sorrowing with their master and quivering with fear lest the awful fury behind those eyes should blaze forth against them. They knew—better than any others in the world—just what had happened to Hamp Baxter at the hour of his brother's death; they understood the bond which had existed between the stalwart, handsome political spellbinder and the weak worthless brother who now slept under a canopy of Spanish moss. They knew that Hamp's whole reason for being had been taken from him; that the single sentimental attachment of his life had been snapped.

Unique, the dusky house boy, was authority for the statement that Hamp Baxter had not slept. Unique told weird stories of ceaseless, incessant tramping, of occasional verbal outbreaks, of sorrow and suffering, and of a gallant but pitiful effort on the part of the great man to adjust himself to the collapse of his emotional world.

He had spoken to few people, and then only briefly. He had struggled to conceal his agony. But the faintest

"I'm telling you that it ain't goin' to be healthy for the man that tries to keep me from convicting him."

mention of Fred, or of the young man who was held in Karnak, charged with the killing, or of Dale Cameron, caused the brilliant black eyes to narrow cruelly.

This morning Hamp Baxter backed the little roadster out of the garage, swung it viciously in the cleared space which was carpeted with pine needles, whipped it into gear, and roared off through the swamp toward Karnak.

WADE HAMPTON BAXTER was preparing to take action. He reached the town, roared across the railroad tracks, and whirled dangerously through the traffic on Court Street. He stopped in front of a one-story frame structure on West Street adjoining the McDonald Block on the south. A special parking place was marked off with yellow paint—Hamp's private parking space. And nailed to a pillar of the veranda was a tin sign, backgrounded in black and lettered in silver:

W. H. BAXTER
ATTORNEY AT LAW

Hamp Baxter had rented that house the day he passed his bar examinations. Three rooms had been added to the ancient building since then, but financial success had never tempted Hamp to move into the McDonald Block. From this tiny building he ruled Karnak County; here the great and the small came to him with their difficulties—legal, personal, and political.

The station master saw Hamp first. Then Ernie Rudd, gazing from the doorway of his unsanitary diner, glimpsed the man. Ernie was at the moment engaged in conversation with Eddie Grainger, youthful president of the Karnak State Bank, and now the two men—one tall and lanky and somewhat lopsided, and the other shorter, more slender, and considerably younger—looked at each other. They put into their own words the thoughts which were already flying through Karnak.

"You seen him, Eddie, didn't you?"

"Yes, I saw him."

"That face of his—it looked terrible."

Grainger nodded. "I'd hate to be in Chris Blake's shoes."

ERNIE lowered his voice. "Do you reckon Blake really did help kill Fred Baxter?"

"No-o—but what difference does that make? Hamp Baxter will see that he swings."

"Yeah, but with Carey Marshal defendin'—"

Eddie Grainger shook his head. "No man can buck Hamp Baxter when he's feeling this way, Ernie."

News of Hamp's arrival appeared to paralyze the town. Business stopped. Housewives, engaged with their marketing, forgot what it was they wanted and gossiped eagerly with whoever happened to be nearest. Business men heard the news and left their desks, encountering other business men who had obeyed the same impulse.

Of course everybody had known that sooner or later Hamp Baxter would come to town, but the fact of his presence was electric. Here he was. The period of inaction had ended. Apprehensive eyes were directed toward the basement of the Court House where Chris Blake was being held. In Ye Olde English Tea Shoppe, Dale Cameron stopped Miss Mathilda who had surged through the front door to see what all the excitement was about. Miss Mathilda's lips were set in a straight, grim line.

"Nothing, child."

"But, Miss Mathilda—"

"Dale Cameron, will you quit pestering me? And if you must know, what they're talking about is that Hamp Baxter just drove into town."

Dale's violet eyes clouded and she bit her lower lip.

"I'm afraid," she said.

"You haven't any reason to be. Carey Marshal is taking care of Chris."

A messenger sped from Hamp Baxter's office to the Court House. Then the entranced watchers were treated to a thrill as the squat, heavy-set frame of Angel Verner, sheriff of Karnak County, followed the messenger down Court Street and disappeared into Hamp Baxter's office.

Sheriff Verner was disturbed. He was even more dis-

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
STOCKTON MULFORD

They invited her to join them for tea and sandwiches.

turbed when he entered Hamp's private office and saw the third occupant of the room.

Crosby Goring was tall and lean and nervous. He had shifty, watery eyes; long, restless fingers; and feet of amazing dimensions. He was notable chiefly for his addiction to archaic stiff collars and white wash ties.

Crosby Goring was Wade Hampton Baxter's second cousin.

He was also solicitor for the Ninth Judicial Circuit.

Angel Verner and Crosby Goring exchanged apprehensive glances. They waited for Hamp to speak, and Mr. Baxter seemed in no hurry. And when he did speak, his voice did not roar, as they had feared, but came with a gentleness which was somehow more forbidding.

"You've got Chris Blake safe, haven't you, Angel?"

"Yeah, Hamp, I sho have."

"You'd better," said Hamp.

Solicitor Goring cleared his throat and opened his lips as though to speak, but Hamp cut him short.

"I'm doin' the talkin', Crosby. You shut up."

"Yes, Hamp, sure."

Hamp placed clenched fists on the table. He was making a visible effort to keep himself under control.

"I've told Crosby that I'm taking over this case. I'm going to have myself appointed special prosecutor."

"Yeah, Hamp—I kinda thought you'd be doin' that."

A pause. Then: "Any new developments?"

"No-o."

"They never caught this man Kiley?"

ANGEL VERNER answered that question. "I sent out notices and rewards, Hamp, but nobody ain't reported seein' him nowhere. I reckon he got clean away."

"We've got Blake."

"Yeah, we've got him, Hamp. And the boys all say he was there and done the shootin'."

Hamp tossed back his hair. "I don't give a damn if he did or not. If it hadn't been for him and Kiley and this cheap, common Delilah—this Dale Cameron—Fred would still be alive. That's all I need to know."

"Sure, Hamp, sure." Mr. Goring spoke placatingly, as though fearful that Mr. Baxter's wrath might explode against himself. "But I was just explainin' that we've got plenty of witnesses."

"Witnesses! To hell with them! We're not going to need witnesses. We'll get a quick indictment and a quicker trial. I'm not going to stand for anything going wrong."

Angel Verner was made of sterner stuff than Goring.

"Have you heard about Carey Marshal, Hamp?"

"What about him?"

"He's defending Blake."

HAMP BAXTER'S lips curled. "That female has hooked him, eh?"

"I—I reckon so, Hamp. They're together a right good bit."

"We'll run her out of town—when we get good and ready. We'll pitch her out. The rotten little tramp! And as for Marshal—if he interferes—"

"He *is* interfering right now. First thing he did was come to me and warn me not to let Chris Blake get lynched. And he's doing things about the Jury Commission."

"What kind of things?"

"Says he's going to see that the jury box ain't stuffed."

"Smart lad, isn't he?" Suddenly Hamp Baxter's face grew white. "Well, listen to this and try to understand it: Nobody is going to defend Chris Blake—nobody who wants to get him off, anyway. This Marshal kid is making a play for the girl. All right. I'll stop that—and stop it quick. He won't be fool enough to fight me when he finds out what it means."

"He seems to be pow'ful set on it, Hamp."

"He does, eh?" Hamp Baxter was smiling, but it was not a pleasant smile. "I think I can change his mind for him. I'll let him understand just how unhealthy it can be. I—I'll—" Suddenly he lost the self-control he had fought so hard to maintain. His handsome features became distorted and his voice reverberated through the office.

"Chris Blake is going to die for this!" he roared. "He'll die if I have to kill him myself. Him and anybody else who gets in my way!"

Hamp's declaration was made loudly and seriously. It was a clarion call and a warning. The two men who heard him trembled, even though they were his allies. . . .

However courageous and altruistic the Misses Eva and Mathilda Branham may have been in making Dale Cameron cashier of the tea room, there was no question that they had displayed rare business genius.

Ye Olde English Tea Shoppe is on the northeast corner of Court House Square, bounded by the Elite Drug Store on the north and the offices of a real estate and insurance firm on the south.

Inside there is a long counter which is under indictment of once having been a bar, and the main room is dotted with tiny tables decorated with fresh crisp napery and shiny plated ware. The menus are simple but the food is delectable; the colored waitresses move swiftly on rubber-soled shoes, the Branham Girls flutter between front door and kitchen in a chronic condition of supervisory excitement, and behind the counter which holds the cash register and a brief assortment of cigarettes and cigars Dale Cameron had been installed.

Dale sat most of the day on a high stool such as bookkeepers use. Her job was not difficult, and she had considerable leisure during which she could gaze through the plate-glass window at Court House Square and keep her mental finger on the civic pulse. She didn't know—and the Branham Girls didn't tell her for fear of hurting her feelings—that the business of Ye Olde English Tea Shoppe had doubled since the day she assumed her post.

Regular customers of the Tea Shoppe came more often: worthy ladies—and ladies not so worthy—who theretofore had considered eating out to be sheer extravagance now found occasion to drop in for an occasional cup of tea and a sandwich, and there were times when these same ladies collected whole families and indulged in gastronomic debauch at the tea room, atoning for their weakness by frequent reorders from the *table d'hôte* menu and feasting their eyes on the figure of Miss Dale Cameron.

This, then, Dale had done for Karnak: She had provided the good people of the town with a never-failing source of gossip.

IT was worth a dime or a quarter to meet and converse with the young lady who held a portion of the spotlight in this latest and greatest drama of Karnak community life. There were eminently respectable women who planned luncheons in advance, determining after severe deliberation what they were going to say. "I'm coming right out and ask her if she knows where that man Kiley is." "Well, why should we be a-scared of her? I reckon she could tell heaps if she would." And, inevitably, "The whole thing never would of happened if it hadn't been for her."

But somehow they always lost courage at the crucial moment. True, some of them did cause Dale considerable embarrassment by skirting the subject; but they never asked direct questions or actually expressed the virtuous opinions which they professed to hold. Dale's violet eyes had a way of looking directly at them, levelly and coolly, without apprehension or evasion, and they invariably found themselves defeated before the battle had been joined.

Dale herself was undergoing a period of adjustment. But it was not easy. Most of the time she was puzzled and bewildered and, on occasion, hurt. She had fancied that she was accustomed to being regarded as a curiosity—her nomadic existence with Nick Kiley and Chris Blake had hardened her to that. During the past two years she had been fortified by a feeling of impermanence; no town had meant anything to her beyond the skating rink.

NOW, for the first time, she found herself caught in a town; a local figure; a person amazingly projected on to a great stage where drama was being performed.

Actually it was possible for her to leave Karnak, though the idea never had occurred to her for more than a moment. Nick Kiley had fled—very properly. She absolved him, for she realized that he had not suspected at the hour of his flight that he was jeopardizing Chris.

She, then, remained as Chris's one friend; his last forlorn hope. The idea of abandoning him was impossible; nor would she have left Karnak even had it been ethically correct. Had any one been observing her closely at the moment this thought occurred, he would have noticed a faint flush on her cheeks. A mind reader could have told you that she was thinking of Carey Marshal.

Day by day she was coming to appreciate more keenly just what Carey was doing for her, and what he meant in her life. Hour by hour she was becoming more acutely conscious of the barriers between them. Minute by minute there was being forced upon her the unhappy realization that she was in love.

The magnificence of what Carey was doing for her was becoming daily more apparent. At first it had seemed that he was merely an able young attorney who had consented to defend an innocent man without hope of financial reward. Now—by reason of a word here and there—a casual remark picked up from customers' tables, or at home with the Branham Girls—she was commencing to understand what it really meant.

The name of Hamp Baxter seemed to connote evil and danger. Never having seen the man, she envisioned him as gaunt and stark and terrible. She was beginning to understand that he was an irresistible force, that he had dedicated that portion of his life immediately ahead to fearful revenge for the killing of his worthless brother.

She sensed the ugly temper of the town and the excitement and fear. She found herself farther and farther outside the pale. She knew that many

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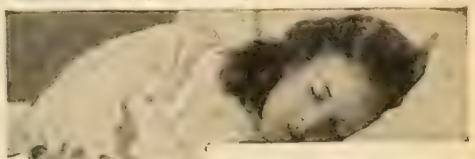

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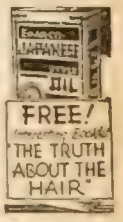


who might have been kind to her now feared their own generous instincts. She even knew that she at times caused some embarrassment to the Branham Girls.

There were in the town of Karnak itself a few persons who went out of their way to be kind to her: a queerly assorted crowd of citizens whose sense of justice was stronger than their fear of Hamp Baxter. Most notable of these were Judith and Eddie Grainger. Judith owned the Karnak State Bank and therefore controlled the finances of Karnak County. Eddie Grainger, her youthful husband, was president; and between the two young women there was a bond of understanding and even admiration, for Judith—not long since—had been scourged by unkindness. But, Judith explained, Carey Marshal was doing all any man could do, and all she had to offer was sympathy.

Other folks — fine, courageous folks—let Dale understand that she was not without friends. Quincy Morrow, owner of the Morrow mills, invited her to call upon him for counsel; Sidney Greenberg (Furniture and Rugs) invited her to dine with himself and Mrs. Greenberg; Ernie Rudd, melancholy proprietor of Rudd's Diner—an eating establishment too unsanitary to be regarded as a rival to Ye Olde English Tea Shoppe—awkwardly explained that, no matter what happened, she could count on him.

She was finding kindliness in Karnak as well as cruelty, gentility as well as grossness, and friendship from the aristocratic settlement of Pineville in the person of Patricia Warren.

And this afternoon, as Dale gazed across the square toward the windows of the basement jail, there came toward the tea room this same Pat Warren, and with her was Carey Marshal. They presented an attractive picture: fine, clean young folks, products of background and tradition, yet intensely modern. Dale turned her eyes away quickly, lest they betray her to the interested customers of Ye Olde English Tea Shoppe, but she could not control her thoughts, and those thoughts did not enhance her happiness.

PAT and Carey belonged together just as surely as sky and clouds. They fitted, socially and temperamentally. Even Mathilda Branham—kindly soul—had explained gently to Dale that Carey and Pat had been linked together since childhood.

Pat and Carey entered the tea room. Dale shook hands with them and hoped that her eyes would not betray her feelings; they chatted lightly, and she admired their ease of manner. They invited her to join them for tea and sandwiches, and she refused the invitation because she was working, and also because she observed that the interest of the customers had suddenly become intense.

Pat and Carey seated themselves and gave their order. Occasionally Pat smiled at Dale, and once—when some remark of Carey's must have concerned her—Pat waved—just a tiny, intimate gesture intended only for Dale.

It was all so natural and intimate and friendly; Pat and Carey were so *right*, so generous, that Dale felt afresh the barrier which separated her from folks like these. Their lives were grooved. They had been born here; here they belonged. They would some day marry, and then, perhaps, they would remember the girl who had come to Karnak with a traveling skating rink who unwittingly had precipitated a tragedy.

The counter behind which Dale sat was a definite line between them, a signpost marking an untraversable distance.

"What is it?" she asked with quivering lips. "Tell me what happened?"

THEN Pat and Carey were at the same counter again, and he was handing her his check and a bill. She made change mechanically, scarcely conscious of the conversation in which she herself was participating. And she saw Greg St. Julien, Carey's particular friend, enter the front door, stare at Carey with surprise, then join the group. He spoke pleasantly to Dale, and then faced his friend.

"I thought you were in your office, Carey."

"Not I. Pat dragged me out."

Carey asked a question:

"Why so serious, Greg?"

"Nothing." Then he shook his head as though arriving at a decision. "Well, yes, there is, Carey. Did you know that Hamp Baxter has been in your office for an hour?"

A tiny frown appeared on Carey's forehead. "Hamp Baxter? In my office?"

"Yes. That's why I thought you were there."

Carey's lips pressed together. "Dad is there. Hamp may be with him."

Greg nodded. "I'm afraid so."

Carey shoved his change into his pocket. "I'd better drift over to the office. Mind waiting here, Pat?"

"Not at all." Pat smiled at Dale. "We can chat."

And Greg St. Julien said, "Want me to come along, Carey?"

"No, I can handle it."

Carey went through the door and Greg followed. Then Greg stood uncertainly and watched his friend.

"Why did Mr. St. Julien suggest going with him?" asked Dale.

Pat Warren was suddenly serious. "Oh, I don't know. I suppose he knew that Carey didn't like the idea of Hamp Baxter being alone with the major for that long."

"Why?"

"The major's health isn't very good, you know. Bad heart. That's why he retired from active practice. And Hamp Baxter could possibly—under these circumstances—become highly unpleasant." Then Pat smiled. "But Carey can handle him," she finished confidently.

Dale saw Carey swing swiftly into Court Street, headed for the McDonald Block. And a sudden fear assailed her. Carey Marshal! Hamp Baxter! The feeling of impending catastrophe.

"Is there any danger—to Mr. Marshal?"

Pat Warren looked up. And then she read the message in Dale Cameron's violet eyes—a secret which Dale did not know she had betrayed.

Pat felt a sudden sense of shock. Then she smiled—very gently—and spoke reassuringly.

"Don't worry, Dale, Carey will be all right."

GOOD BOOKS of THE MONTH

By OLIVER SWIFT

OVER HERE, 1914-1918 by Mark Sullivan. Charles Scribner's Sons.

★ ★ ★ ★ Fifth volume in a journalistic and colorful history of the twentieth century in America. Tells the war story like a novel in which most of us are characters, if only supers.

CROWDED HOURS by Alice Roosevelt Longworth. Charles Scribner's Sons.

★ ★ ★ ★ No longer new by the time this appears, but too good to be left out. Full of the juice and succulence of life.

THE MAN OF THE RENAISSANCE by Ralph Roeder. Viking Press.

★ ★ ★ History at a lively turning point told with color and drama. Vivid moment: when Savonarola, on the ladder, about to be hanged, is asked for a miracle. A fashionably long book, December choice of the Book-of-the-Month Club.

THE MAID SILJA by F. E. Sillanpaa. The Macmillan Company.

★ ★ ★ One of the modern classics of Finland in an excellent translation by Alexander Matson.

THE BIRD OF DAWNING by John Masefield. The Macmillan Company.

★ ★ ★ A salty tale well told by a poet.

CHARLES THE FIRST, KING OF ENGLAND by Hilaire Belloc. Lippincott.

★ ★ ★ First-rate biography with a fine account of the killing of the king.

CHARACTERS AND COMMENTARIES by Lytton Strachey. Harcourt, Brace & Company.

★ ★ ★ A posthumous collection of scholarly pieces by the man who introduced Queen Victoria to the modern world.

THE CAT HAD NINE LIVES by Achmed Abdullah. Farrar & Rinehart.

★ ★ ★ One of Liberty Magazine's favorite contributors, with his usual charming disorder, tells adventures from a vivid and dangerous life. As good as any of his romances.

DR. THORNDYKE INTERVENES by R. Austin Freeman. Dodd, Mead & Co.

★ ★ ★ Well made mystery.

WHISTLE FOR ME by Michael Jackson. William Morrow & Co.

★ ★ A new author on the newest generation.

BRITAIN'S MASTER SPY by Sidney Reilly. Harper & Brothers.

★ ★ Is this intrepid and unscrupulous agent still alive in a Soviet dungeon? With chapters by his wife. Exciting, authentic.

SEA WALL by L. A. G. Strong. Alfred A. Knopf.

★ ★ An interesting character novel with a mystery.

THE DISINHERITED by Jack Conroy. Covici-Friede.

★ ★ For the underdog, but, even so, written too brutally.

MAKING THE MOST OF YOUR INCOME by Harvey A. Blodgett. The Macmillan Company.

★ No doubt a practical book for those who have an income to make the most of.

TIME, FORWARD! by Valentine Kataev. Farrar & Rinehart.

★ This painfully sincere book is an example of what communism has done to the great tradition of the Russian novel.

Meanwhile Hamp Baxter had been visiting Major David Marshal.

One hour since, the comely young lady who acted as stenographer had fluttered into the major's private office, eyes big and round, and announced that Senator Baxter was calling.

The two men were strikingly different. The major was taller than Hamp and fully as broad; but he was lean where Hamp was heavy so that he looked considerably smaller than his visitor. And where the major's features were prominent and deeply lined, Hamp's face was strikingly youthful, save for faint traces of his recent suffering.

Hamp was impressive. He was handsome in a classic way: fine features, smooth skin, fine black eyes, and the silver-streaked hair which he wore too long. He was dressed in black, his coat of the cutaway type which so impressed his clients and jurymen.

The major moved forward to greet Baxter. Two strong hands met in a firm clasp, and the major spoke briefly.

"I'm awfully sorry, Hamp," he said with genuine sympathy.

FOR just the briefest fraction of a second Hamp's eyes clouded. Then he shook his head. "Thanks, major. I really believe you mean that."

"I do." Marshal designated a chair. "Won't you have a seat, Hamp?"

Hamp's huge figure settled itself in the chair. For a few seconds there was silence as Hamp stared through the window at a great catalpa.

Hamp spoke softly:

"We're friends, aren't we, major?"

"I trust so, Hamp."

"And we're both Karnak men." A hint of Hamp's court-room manner descended upon him. "It's us who have to protect the fair name of our beautiful city. We've got to let the world know that Karnak ain't to be trifled with; that the fairest flower of womanhood is safe here, and that our civic shield is unsullied." He paused suddenly, and then finished—rather awkwardly. "Don't we?"

Major Marshal nodded gravely. "I suppose we do, Hamp."

"I reckon you know why I came to see you, don't you, major?"

A pleasant smile creased the lips of the other man. "I suppose I do."

Hamp rose, tremendously impressive. He ran the fingers of his right hand through his long locks.

"Major," he said abruptly, "your boy is making a big mistake."

"Is he?"

"YOU know he is. Carey is a fine lad. I've known him since he was *that* high. I always held him in high esteem. And that's why I don't want to see him go any farther."

"With what?"

"This defense of a cold-blooded murderer."

"Don't you think," suggested Major Marshal gently, "that you should discuss that with Carey?"

"No, I don't. That's why I waited until he left the office before I came over. I figured you would listen to reason better than he would. You know, major, he's young. He ain't had much experience. He don't hardly realize what he's stepping into, defending this Yankee killer."

The older man was on guard. His courtesy was exquisite.

"Chris Blake is entitled to counsel, Hamp—no matter what the merits of the case might be."

"Yes, that's true. But why not let the court appoint counsel for him? Why should Carey get himself mixed up in a hopeless case?"

"I'm afraid," said the major evenly, "that such counsel as the court might appoint wouldn't be very zealous."

Hamp walked to the window, stood motionless for a moment, and then turned suddenly and faced Major Marshal.

"We're beating all around the bush, ain't we, major? And there's no sense to it, is there?"

"Perhaps not."

"Sure there ain't. I came to you because you know better'n Carey what he's stepping into if he fights this case. I thought—bein' his father—you'd kind of argue

him out of bein' foolish." Hamp eyed the major keenly.

"I'm afraid I can't interfere."

"You should, major." Hamp's voice rose slightly; it trembled musically, like notes from a great organ. "Chris Blake is going to hang."

"Guilty or not?"

"He's guilty all right."

"Perhaps."

Baxter's huge frame quivered with emotion.

"You're forgetting one thing, major. My brother is dead."

"Yes. But you wouldn't want Chris Blake punished if he wasn't even at the scene of the shooting, would you?"

"Yes!" Hamp pounded his fist on the window sill. "I don't give a damn whether he was there or not. If it hadn't been for Blake and those two tramp friends of his, Fred would be alive now. The Scriptures say 'A life for a life,' and the Scriptures are good enough for me. Now, listen. That boy is going to hang. I'm taking charge of the prosecution. I ain't going to leave a single stone unturned to see that he gets what's coming to him. And I'm telling you that it ain't goin' to be healthy for the man that tries to keep me from convicting him."

"Now, Hamp"—only an arctic light in Major Marshal's eyes indicated that Hamp had angered him—"don't you think it would be nicer if you didn't use threats?"

Hamp's lips pulled into a straight line. Then they softened and he made an apologetic gesture. "Sorry, major," he said. "I came here to talk quiet and peaceable—only when I think of Fred—" His big hands moved restlessly. "Don't you realize what your boy is getting himself into, major? Honest, I don't want to get personal—and I'm apologizing in advance—but the whole town is talking."

"About what?"

"Carey and that woman. Good God, major! Don't you realize what she is? A common woman who has been traveling around the country with two carnival men, most likely the mistress of both, and—"

"Please!" The major was on his feet, and his eyes, coldly gray, pierced Hamp's flaming black ones. "I don't wish to be discourteous, Hamp, but I shall have to *insist* that you stop that sort of talk."

FOR just an instant their glances held, and once more Hamp acknowledged defeat with a gesture. "Sorry again," he said. "But I'm kind of set on calling a spade a spade. Only I won't if you ask me not. But, whatever Dale Cameron is or isn't, she sure ain't the sort of girl you want your boy to get mixed up with, is she? Everybody in town is asking how she's going to pay Carey for what he's doing. And they all give the same answer. They say—"

"That's enough, Hamp Baxter." The major was angry now, and did not conceal that fact. "I've asked you politely to stop talking that way. If you won't—"

"You mean you're going to let Carey go ahead with the case?"

"He can do as he chooses."

"You know that I'm out to convict Blake. And you know I can do it."

"I know you think you can."

"You realize that I won't stop at anything?"

"I rather thought you wouldn't."

"All right. Let Carey step into it, then. I hoped you and me were going to adjust this thing peaceable—but I'm telling you now that if you were seventeen Marshals instead of one, you can't buck me in Karnak County. You, nor neither that fool boy of yours. No, don't say it. I'll say it for you. I'm threatening! Sure I am. I'm threatening anybody who stands in my way. And I'm telling you one other thing, Major David Marshal! I'm reminding you that you've got your heart set on being judge of this circuit. Well, either Carey withdraws from this case or you won't be the new judge."

The major smiled thinly. "I don't want to get very angry, Hamp."

"No? Well, I'm sick and tired of palaverin' around with you blue bloods. You think we're scared of you. You ain't got sense enough to know when you haven't got a chance. And I'm telling you now—you're out of the judgeship."

"You're quite sure of that, aren't you, Hamp?"

"OF course I'm sure of it." Hamp threw back his head and laughed harshly. "You ain't fool enough to think you can win against me, are you? Hell! When I leave this office I'll go to Crosby Goring. I'll be tellin' him he's the next judge of the Ninth Judicial Circuit. I'll lick you, and I'll lick that high-hat son of yours. I'll show 'em, by God, who's boss of Karnak County—you Pineville aristocrats or Hamp Baxter!"

"That is interesting, Hamp. And now, I'm sorry you have to go."

"I'll go when I get good and ready." Hamp stared furiously at the tall erect figure of the prematurely white-haired man. He felt a sense of inferiority, and hated it. He blustered: "You know you can't get elected if I buck you, don't you?"

"Yes," answered the major quietly, "I know it."

"And you'll get out?"

Major David Marshal smiled and shook his head.

"No, Hamp," he said, "I won't withdraw. Your threats have made that impossible." . . .

Then, and during the three days which followed, Dale Cameron was aware of an increasing tension—of things which were happening which she could not understand. She knew that Karnak was suffering from an acute attack of civic indigestion. Excitement had piled on excitement: The skating rink, the invasion of three interesting foreigners, the death of Fred Baxter, Chris Blake's arrest, Carey Marshal's acceptance of his case, the open split between Hamp Baxter and Major Marshal, the announcement of Crosby Goring's candidacy for the circuit judgeship, and now something which disturbed the little town more than it cared to admit; an occurrence which already had spread beyond the limits of the municipality.

This morning it had happened, and the town was tense. Men walked the streets with grave faces, and their conversations were conducted in whispers. Frank opinions were withheld, except for the unanimous agreement that serious trouble threatened. Even the most inveterate lady gossipers found themselves appalled by the enormity of the happenings.

The excitement communicated itself to Dale Cameron as she sat at her desk near the front window of Ye Olde English Tea Shoppe.

Miss Mathilda had gone to Pineville to visit with her cousin Hattie, and little Miss Eva looked so harassed that Dale hesitated to question her.

Chiefly Dale was aware that whatever had happened was of sufficient import momentarily to divert attention from herself. She was worried. And she was beset by doubt and uncertainty. Three days before, there had

A New Puzzle Feature

By F. Gregory Hartswick

A collector had a rare set of books in three volumes, which stood on his shelf as shown in our illustration. One day he found that a bookworm had bored a hole straight from the first page of Volume I to the last page of Volume III. Now, the covers of the books were each ⅛ of an inch thick, and the paper in each book was exactly 3 inches in thickness. The question is, how far did the worm travel? No, no, you're quite wrong! And there isn't any trick about the length of the worm, either. It's a perfectly straight question, with a perfectly straight answer.

(Answer will be found on page 52)

been news of the break between Major Marshal and Hamp Baxter; people had talked openly about what Hamp intended to do, and had repeated threats which Hamp had made.

But the terror which swept Karnak this morning was something greater than that.

The day was warm. The door of the tea room stood open, and just outside the door two colored men met and paused to chat. One of them was very small and exceedingly black. Dale recognized Vishy, manservant of the Marshals. The other was tall and gangling and of a colorado-maduro complexion.

"Things," remarked the light-hued gentleman, "is sho gettin' homicidous."

"Listen, Jupiter," responded Vishy. "You ain't tellin' me one single solitarious thing I don't know."

"I ain't said I was." Jupiter did some deep reflecting. "Is you still workin' fo' Majuh Marshal, Vishy?"

"That's the most thing I is doin'."

"Well, what does he say?"

"He don't say nothin', an' he says it constant."

"Is he skeered of trouble?"

"Foolishment you talk! Majuh Marshal ain't skeered of *nothin'!*"

Jupiter made an apologetic gesture. "I don't mean bouten hisse'f. I know good an' well he don't get disturberated 'bout no sech white trash as Mistuh Baxter. But I mean, ain't he skeered 'bout this new thing that happened this mawnin'—the fight?"

"Oh, that?" Vishy's forehead creased into a judicial frown. "Tell you what, Jupiter, I ain't sayin' the majuh ain't skeered an' I ain't sayin' he is."

"You ain't said ary word, Vishy. So I's askin' you: Is he is or is he ain't?"

"HMM! I reckon mebbe he is. It's thisaway, Jupiter. When a whole town gits split wide open an' the white folks start fightin' an' shootin', why, I reckon anybody has got a puffeck right to git skeered."

"Is you?"

"Feller, you ain't got good sense. Co'se I's skeered. Come trouble, the on'yest place I crave to be is somewheres else."

"Then you better travel, Li'l' Bit, 'cause they ain't no tellin' when hell's gwine bust right in yo' face."

"Tha's correck." Vishy shook his head. "An' I suttinly hope when things do start that Majuh Marshal an' Marse Carey won't be in the middle."

"Shuh!" said Jupiter reassuringly. "This ain't hahdly their fight no mo'."

"Hope not. 'Tain't like the ol' days, Jupiter. Ole doctor, he say that the majuh's heart is bad. Yutherwise, majuh would walk right down the street an' tell ev'ybody how to step." Then Vishy finished with a prideful statement: "An' I reckon Marse Carey could do it right now if he had a mind to."

The two Negroes moved away. Dale's eyeballs were hot and dry, her lips were parted, and there was high color in her cheeks. Something terrible had happened. Before, the town had been interested. Now it was frightened. She was worried: worried for Chris, and even more worried for Carey.

In desperation she left the counter and asked Miss Eva for a few minutes' leave. She fancied that she detected a note of relief in Miss Eva's voice as the permission was granted.

Dale circled the square and walked down Court Street. She mounted the rickety stairs of the McDonald Block and entered the law offices of Marshal & Marshal.

Carey was standing at the window, his back to the door. He was staring down into West Street, left hand in his trousers pocket, right hand holding an unlighted pipe, the long fingers tamping the tobacco nervously. She moved—and Carey turned. She had never seen his face so grave or so stern. Then—briefly—he smiled and moved forward to greet her.

"What is it?" she asked, with quivering lips. "Tell me what has happened?"

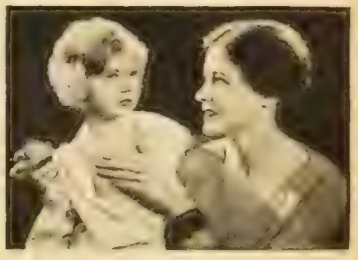
And next week you come to one of the biggest moments in this absorbing novel—something that made Karnak shudder and changed the course of Dale Cameron's life. How did it affect her?

COLDS USED TO BE MY BIG WORRY— BUT NOT SINCE I PUT THE FAMILY ON VICKS PLAN!

Colds put "worry" in many a mother's winter—but Vicks Plan helps take it out. It can mean fewer colds in your home—less severe colds—less expense from colds. It can cut your children's absences from school—it can save your husband time-off from work. Full details of Vicks Plan in each Vicks package.

To prevent many colds

At that first warning sign—use Vicks Nose & Throat Drops, the amazing new aid in *preventing* colds. They soothe irritation. They stimulate the cold-fighting functions of the nose. They nip many a cold—before it takes hold.



To end a cold sooner

If a cold has developed—just rub on Vicks VapoRub. Its poultice-vapor action works all through the night. Through the skin, it relieves tightness, "draws out" soreness. At the same time, its medicated vapors clear air-passages.

VICKS PLAN FOR BETTER CONTROL OF COLDS

Scrambled History Prize Winners

WEEK OF OCTOBER 28

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$25 SECOND PRIZE

RICHARD S. M. JONES
Oakland, Calif.

$15 THIRD PRIZE

MRS. HERMA COFFIN ROWE
New Bedford, Mass.

$10 FOURTH PRIZE

HELEN G. VAN KLEECK
Prescott, Ariz.

TEN $5 PRIZES

Frederic Burroughs, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Jean Callahan, Tulsa, Okla.; Mrs. John E. Case, Gilliam, Mo.; C. W. Ehrhardt, Middlebourne, W. Va.; K. L. Ekstrand, South Ozone Park, N. Y.; Marie Hammontree, Indianapolis, Ind.; W. W. Pinkerton, Jr., Berwyn, Pa.; W. E. Schreyer, Hollywood, Calif.; Mrs. M. E. Soth, Portland, Ore.; Anna Sommers, Milwaukee, Wis.

FIFTY $2 PRIZES

S. V. Akers, Roanoke, Va.; Laura Anderson, Antioch, Ill.; Paul Badluck, Greensboro, N. C.; Raymond Benjamin, Tucson, Ariz.; Betty Butler, St. Paul, Minn.; LeRoy Church, Grand Rapids, Mich.; Mrs. Fred J. Cook, Toledo, Ohio; Helene Dassel, Everett, Wash.; Mrs. Lillian Deighton, Palms, Calif.; Herbert Dickinson, Long Beach, Calif.; Walter S. Dole, Sausalito, Calif.; Debbie G. Dunning, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Mercedes Erro, Goleta, Calif.; George Foster, Waukegan, Ill.; Helen Glendon, Moline, Ill.

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Let's take

As he flew past the home pylon his motor was missing and streaking a long trail of black smoke.

(Reading time: 9 minutes 25 seconds.)

STORIES and pictures of airplane crashes; groaning pilots being carried from twisted and torn fuselages; sirens for sound effects, and ambulances—or meat wagons, as we used to call them; panicky stampedes of thrill-crazed crowds through police lines; unlucky airmen who "fell into or came close to deadly tail spins," others who were "caught" in bad weather and fogs; meaningless flights attempted without sensible preparation.

Bah! There's not a drop of real air drama in a whole carload of such emotional trash. Man is born to die, and drama is concerned with cheating death—and living.

Any one can die any time by being a bit dumb, either on the ground or in the air. There's nothing more of the dramatic about doing the wrong thing in the air than there is in falling out of a window.

Flying is eighty per cent man. The other twenty per cent is divided between the structure and its maintenance. Airplanes do not fly themselves—they must be flown. And almost every crash can be simmered down to the conclusion that some one *did not know* or *failed to do*. There has always been a premium on being awake. And the faster a man travels the more alert he must be. Oh, I know there is such a thing as luck—but the smart man makes his own luck.

It would be folly to claim that the airman who has lived any length of time has been always right. But every flying human knows that his own air fortune is in his own head and hands, and that an avenue of escape from almost every danger spot lies open before him.

Will he be smart enough to see it? And seeing it, will he be alert enough to use it—and how? That's the real drama of the air.

The airman is not as safe as the man on the ground. He knows that. But he is getting more out of life, and he knows that too. Every time he hears about an airplane crash he knows that some one permitted his mental gears to drop back into second speed. He respects his fellow pilot who rolls up flying hours with a limited amount of broken material. He grieves for the luckless chap whose flying career is ended unhappily, and at the same time is quite certain *he* could have stepped out of a similar tight fix without a scratch.

Flying a big transport through a bit of grim weather, flight-testing a new and untried or cranky ship, demonstrating airmanship, or just playing in the air—each is loaded with air drama. As long as the plane is off the ground and doing something the elements of pure drama are present. As soon as you crack up that ship, you end all drama.

Jack Knight, Dean Smith, Slim Lewis, Ham Lee, and a score of other early air-mail pilots lived enough real drama to warrant writing another Iliad. Pounding along with the night mail over mountains, through good and bad weather, in ships that had been built for the World War. Flying alone over dimly lighted airways—no radio, no parachutes, poor instruments, and only rough estimates of the weather. Those men had iron in their blood and sharp, alert brains, and enough imagination to live real drama.

Think of Lieutenant "Sandy" Sanderson of the Marine Corps and his experience with a racing ship during the 1922 Pulitzer Race. Sandy had completed two thirty-mile laps around the course; he had two more to go. As he flew past the home pylon his motor was missing and streaking a long trail of black smoke. The hand on his oil-pressure gauge was reading zero. The water-temperature indicator was up against the red peg. The dan-

the BUNK out of FLYING

A Famous Racing Pilot Casts a Sardonic Eye on the "Drama of the Air"

By AL WILLIAMS

International photo

Lieut. Lawson H. "Sandy" Sanderson, Marine Corps hero of an authentic drama of the air.

ger signals were dead set against him. Many a spectator swallowed hard as he watched Sandy make the turn and start away from the airdrome out over Lake St. Clair. Every one had expected him to land. But they did not know Sandy. The Marine Corps was engaged in a race against both the army and the navy that day.

As he cleared the trees at the far end of the field two or three great gobs of smoke broke from his engine. Then it quit cold. No place to go but dead ahead and into the lake with a land plane whose landing speed was somewhere in the neighborhood of eighty-five miles an hour.

As soon as the wheels touched the water, the ship snapped over on its back. The water was only about four feet deep, and under it was soft black mud. Sandy's head was within a few inches of the bottom, so he worked his way out of the cockpit, dug down through the mud with his hands, and then up for a much needed breath of air. A chap who happened to be fishing near by rowed over and drawled, " Well, I kinda figgered you'd be coming up soon."

Sandy stared at him for a moment, and with a true Scotchman's sense of humor spit out, with some of the lake bottom, " Yeah, I did too."

Lieutenant Frank Schilt, another marine pilot, landing and taking off under bandit gunfire in the wilds of Nicaragua—another flash of real drama. Wounded marines had to be evacuated. Frank made repeated trips between the emergency landing field in the jungle and the marine base. It was a race with gangrene. Think of coolly gliding in for a landing where each landing had to be perfect, where one bad jar or the slightest tremor in the hand gripping the control stick would mean the death of a bandaged passenger, while Sandino's lads were trying to distract you with a little playful gunfire. Ice water instead of blood? Well, that's only a detail. Drama? You tell me!

ONLY last year Jimmie Doolittle refused to jump from a racing plane when the retractable landing gear refused to return to the normal position for a landing. Why did he stay with the ship? Oh, just because he could not see cracking up a lovely job to which his hopes had been pinned, and because he " believed " he could get the ship back on the ground. You are only getting the barest outlines. Think of what must have been going through the minds of these chaps while the party was on!

To Lieutenant Harry Sutton of the United States Army Air Corps fell the task of deliberately putting a troublesome type of fighting ship into flat tailspins, after others had been killed doing it accidentally.

The flat spin is caused by a defect in design. After a few turns the nose of the ship rises almost to the horizon. The spinning motion is fast enough to make your head swim. The plane whirls like a paper pin wheel. Nothing you can do with the controls will stop the spin. The ground or the water is the next stop.

There were those among us who refused to believe that flat spinning was caused by an error in design. We held that the crack-ups were results of bad piloting.

Finally one of the unruly planes was delivered to us for

test. I did not know enough, so I took the job and led with my chin. I spun into the ground from twenty-two hundred feet, lost a few teeth, took a fine body beating, learned a lot, and drew up a whole set of new regulations for my future life. The day after the crash I received a wire from the West Coast containing a very pointed question: "Did you ever try putting the stick forward to get out of a spin?"

A few days later a friendly rival of mine spun one of the same jobs into San Diego Bay from five thousand feet. I then replied to the consoling telegram: "Yes! Did you?"

Those two crack-ups decided the question whether flat spinning was caused by bad design or poor piloting. But other ships were built which had the same bad tricks, and several capable people were killed.

It remained for the quiet, reserved Harry Sutton to volunteer to carry on the research. Our tests had been conducted with little or no thought of disaster ahead. Sutton knew what to expect.

Seated in his flat-spinning test ship at last! A final check-up on the levers and knobs and handles in the cockpit. These little gadgets could be moved and the weights distributed in various parts of the ship could be released. The flight would evaluate the flat-spinning characteristics set up by a distribution of weights far from the center of rotation.

"Ten thousand feet—that's high enough. If she doesn't come out in five, she won't come out at all. The motor is throttled. The air speed drops to, and then below, the stalling speed. Nobody else up here. Just as well!"

The stick is pulled back sharply. The nose sinks slowly and begins to swing to the right. One turn completed. Another.

"The reports all said, 'Two and a half turns at least before autorotation, the flat spin, commences.' That must be a half turn more. Landmarks are blurred. Hold everything! Too soon to think of moving the controls. Can't do anything until the whirl is studied. Never mind the ground. Can't see anything anyhow. Eyes in the cockpit! That's where the fight will be lost or won. Eighty-five hundred feet — eight thousand! There's the true flat spin. Only have a few seconds for this examination paper. Must find the answer.

"Forward with the stick. That's funny—the stick resists. Well, there it goes! Great forces conquered by a weak arm plus a lever. Lift the world if the lever is long enough. That nose certainly stays high! Full left rudder—all the way. The spin continues—and faster if anything. Or is that merely an impression? Have to look out for impressions when the report is being written. Let's see what the motor can do for us. Open the throttle a little. Just a few sputters—no great help from that angle.

"Now for the weights. Number one knob on the right. Pull it hard. Good!—it works! There goes the weight from the right wing. That breaks the smooth rhythm of the spin. It's erratic and unbalanced. Now for number one on the left. It works also! That stops the shuddering. The spin still goes on—smooth again, but much slower. One more knob to release the tail weights. Great!

"All three worked. That's a break! The ship is tipping forward to a steeper angle. Got to get that nose down. That's the old girl—down further. The spinning is almost stopped. Or is that another impression? A trick of my confused sense of balance?

"NO! It's all over. Eyes clearing up. No need to fuss with the oil-temperature or pressure reading. The engine has only been idling. Altimeter? Thirty-seven hundred feet! Plenty. That last tip over on its nose stopped the engine.

"Well, what of it? There's the field dead ahead. Or maybe a good stiff thousand-foot dive will swing the prop fast enough to clear that engine's throat. Sure enough—all it needed was a little coaxing.

"Gosh! Eleven forty-five! The morning's over. Lunch? No, I'll dodge that—nothing to talk about. I'll have an engagement somewhere. Hop in my car and think things over. Must put this puzzle together. It's still odds and ends to me."

This is just a little story of the drama which must have been enacted in Sutton's cockpit.

I gathered all the action details from his official report. Did he tell me what he had been thinking of? Certainly not! I guessed about that angle.

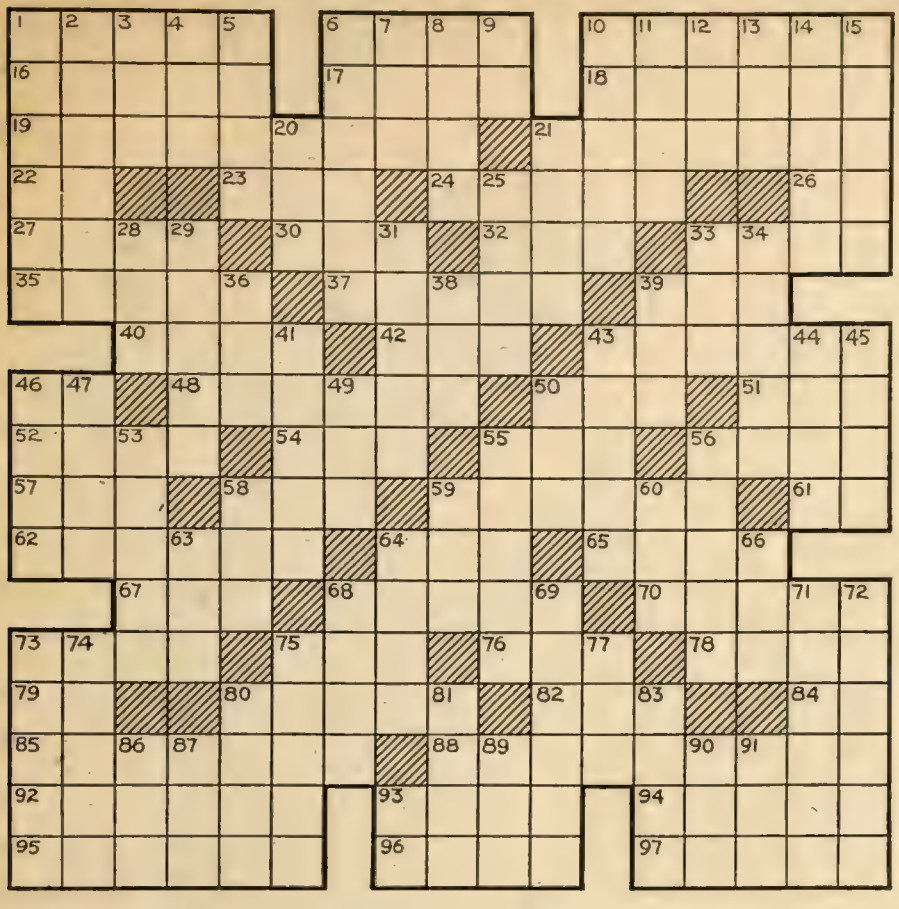
He merely said "Hello!" as he pulled his helmet off and walked past me and into the hangar.

THE END

Al Williams and, below, a Curtiss Hawk "job" built for him. He tested and O.K.'d it.

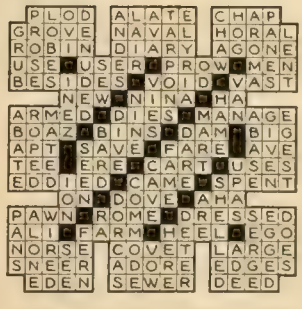
International photo

CROSS WORDS



HORIZONTAL

1 Retard
6 A fruit
10 Steps
16 Select class
17 Scarce
18 A bird
19 Registers of dates
21 Choral composition
22 By
23 Stitch
24 Surrounded by
26 Else
27 Lairs
30 Type measure (pl.)
32 Goddess of harvests
33 Filth
35 Amends and revises
37 Dark bluish gray
39 Iniquity
40 Incite to activity
42 A tree
43 Frank
46 A Jewish month
48 Brings into line
50 Timid
51 Son of Bela
52 Strike
54 Entangle
55 Japanese porgy
56 Cicatrix
57 A play on words
58 Espouse
59 Bawl
61 Compass point
62 Sentience (pl.)
64 Forbid
65 Brownish yellow
67 Islet
68 Foremost in position
70 Boasts
73 Girdle
75 Fastening device
76 Period
78 Brewing material



Answer to last week's puzzle

79 The (Spanish)
80 Fatigued
82 A constellation
84 Scoriated lava
85 Attacks
88 Arising
92 Ridge of mountains
93 Blacken with soot
94 Present occasion
95 More rigid
96 Simians
97 Sea eagles

VERTICAL

1 Ten years
2 Puffed up
3 Girl's name (abbr.)
4 Consumed
5 Japanese coin (pl.)
6 Shellfish (plural)
7 Etruscan title
8 Constellation
9 Pronoun
10 Pairs of horses
11 Specific flavor
12 Craft
13 Man's name
14 Revolving part
15 Begin
20 River in England
21 Contend
25 Insect
28 Pinch
29 Strip of leather
31 Slope
33 Noise
34 Pertaining to India
36 Note of the scale
38 Beast of burden
39 Utter
41 Silver coins
43 Young person
44 Persia
45 Dreadful
46 Snakes
47 A color
49 Wander about
50 Salt
53 Historical record
55 Taut
56 A company of bees
58 Moist
59 Exclude
60 Spherical body
63 Rest
64 Any twining stem
66 Cry of a sheep
68 A tree (pl.)
69 Expanses
71 Glimpse
72 Platforms
73 Four-footed animal
74 Woman's name
75 Pertaining to hair
77 Form of to be
80 Part of a wheel
81 Moist
83 Woman's name
86 Japanese coin
87 Measures of area
89 Entreat
90 A beetle
91 Hostelry
93 An element (symbol)

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

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By THYRA SAMTER WINSLOW

The Story of a Wise Child and an Untied Apron String

(Reading time: 12 minutes 20 seconds.)

THE long-distance operator called and presently I heard Cousin Rhoda's voice on the telephone.

"Did you get my letter?" she asked.

I told her yes, I had got her letter. Rhoda had written she was coming in town to meet her daughter Barbara, who was on her way home from boarding school.

"Will you help me out, darling?" Rhoda pleaded. "Billy is ill with tonsillitis. I simply can't get away. I telephoned Barbara, but she wouldn't stay in school another day. You know how it is—all the girls leaving. She gets in New York this afternoon. Please say you don't mind taking care of her! She'll be no trouble, I'm sure, and she'll be thrilled at anything you do for her. I'll pick her up tomorrow or the next day. You're sure you won't mind?"

I told Rhoda I didn't mind at all. It would be fun taking charge of a little girl for a couple of days.

Before she hung up Rhoda said a significant thing.

"Barbara is starting to romance a bit," she said. "Just a phase she's going through. If I were you I wouldn't believe a thing she says!"

I went to the station to meet Barbara. I hadn't seen her since she was eleven, a pretty but rather leggy child with a stare that must be called vacant. I knew that now, at fifteen, she'd be a big girl, and I suspected the usual boarding-school affectations.

The train was one of the usual school "specials." Groups of anxious relatives were waiting. When the train arrived there was much milling about as overdressed girls in traveling suits and little girls in sweater dresses were claimed.

I felt I'd know Barbara when I saw her. I didn't see her! After asking questions of several women who looked as if they might be in authority, and being buffeted around with no help, I reached the conclusion that Barbara had not taken the train. Well, she had my address. I felt the best thing to do was to go home and wait for word from her. We were eating dinner when the doorbell rang. There was Barbara! She looked more grown-up than I had imagined her. Her legginess had given way to the lovely slenderness of the very young. She wore the exaggerated clothes of a college girl, a bit too sporty, a trifle too nonchalant. Her hair was puffed out too much and her lips were very red.

We greeted each other with perhaps too great a show of affection.

"When did you get in?" I asked.

"Just this minute," she said. "The special was delayed, so when you didn't meet it I came right out."

"But I did meet it," I said.

Barbara laughed.

"Well, the truth is," she said, "I came on an earlier train. I knew you wouldn't care. I had a tea date."

I had understood that Barbara was too young for dates.

"Don't be put out," she said. "I'll tell you about it."

She told us at dinner. A boy she had met at school—the cousin of her roommate—had made the engagement three weeks ago.

He seemed at least twenty, a blond, good-looking youngster.

"I thought mother would be here and it would be all right," she finished.

"Would your mother let you go to tea with a boy?"

"My, yes!" said Barbara. "*Of course* she'd let me go to *tea!* My goodness, at school they *want* us to have tea dates. They think tea dates teach us things—what to do at teas. Of course we can't have *luncheons* or *dinners* with boys, and we can't have *night* dates—that's against the rules. But teas—my, yes!"

Barbara told us pleasant and decidedly innocent incidents of her school life. We were pleased to find she hadn't grown into one of the bold youngsters we had heard so much about.

In the evening we took Barbara to the movies. She seemed delighted. They were allowed to see so few pictures at school. A nice natural little girl! The next day Barbara got two telephone calls. Each time a feminine voice asked for her and the conversations were similar:

"Yes, Jane darling. . . . I'd *love* to, Jane. Isn't it wonderful! . . . Any time you say. . . . I think so, Jane. Yes, darling. 'By." And—

"Yes, Mildred darling. . . . I'd *love* it! That would be simply *wonderful!* . . . Whenever you say. . . . That will be swell! 'By."

Barbara Comes to Town

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HAROLD DENISON

On the word "'By" Barbara's voice rose as if for a salutation instead of a farewell.

"That was Jane," Barbara said after the first call. "That was Mildred," she said after the second. She didn't smile. "Two of my best friends at school. Live here in New York. We're going shopping. I haven't enough money for *real* shopping until mother comes. I know I'll be simply crazy over New York shops. You don't mind if I go?"

"Where are you going to meet them?" I asked.

"I'm going to meet Mildred at Lord & Taylor's at one. For lunch. And we'll meet Jane later."

"I'll take you to meet Mildred," I said. "And if I think you two will be all right—"

"We'll be all right," Barbara assured me. "New York girls always go shopping alone."

Mildred was waiting at Lord & Taylor's, a lovely blonde girl dressed quite like Barbara. Her lips were too red.

I took them to luncheon. They giggled through an amazing amount of indigestible delicacies.

"Where are you going to meet Jane?" I asked.

Mildred looked blank. But I had noticed that Mildred's responses were often vacuous looks of not quite understanding. Now Barbara looked at her rather severely.

"We're meeting Jane at three at Lord & Taylor's," she said.

"Oh," said Mildred. And a minute later, "Oh, I see."

They went away together, giggling.

Just before dinner was announced the telephone rang. It was Barbara. She was at Mildred's. Did I mind if she stayed to dinner? Mildred's mother would ask, if I thought it was necessary.

"That's quite all right," I said. I wanted her to have a nice time. "You'll come home immediately after dinner, won't you? I don't want you to be out late."

"Oh, yes," she said.

I said, at dinner, that it was lovely to see a young girl so ready to do what an older person suggested.

She was home before nine.

"I've had a wonderful day!" she told me. She described a dress she had seen.

The next morning, feeling it my duty, I took Barbara on a short sight-seeing tour. I asked her if she wanted to take the girls with her, but she said Mildred had to go to the dentist and Jane was busy too.

We went to the top of the Empire State Building and Barbara exclaimed prettily about the view. I showed her other "points of interest."

We got home in the middle of the afternoon. I was pretty tired. I asked Barbara if she didn't want to lie down. She said she guessed she'd read a newspaper. In the current topics class they had told her to keep up with what was going on. She seemed restless.

The telephone rang, and Barbara ran to the library to answer it when she was told it was for her. The conversation was similar to the conversations of the day before. I went to my bedroom. Forgetting that Barbara was telephoning, I picked up the receiver to get a number. To my surprise a masculine voice was talking to Barbara. I didn't want to eavesdrop, so I hung up, went downstairs again.

"Whom were you talking to?" I asked.

Barbara looked at me oddly. Then she smiled.

"I was talking to Hal. He's the boy I had tea with. I promised to have tea with him today. I didn't think you'd mind, as long as we were allowed to have tea dates. Because I'm on my vacation I thought maybe I could have dinner with him too. I'll be home awfully early."

It seemed innocent enough.

"You might ask the young man to come in when he brings you home," I said. "I'd like to meet him."

"I'd love to," said Barbara. "You'll like him. An awfully nice boy!"

Barbara was home before ten. Her escort was with her. I was a little shocked at seeing him. He seemed at least twenty, a good-looking sprawling blond youngster quite past adolescence.

"You seem older than I thought," I told Hal. I never did get his last name.

"I'll be a junior next year," he said.

"Barbara's such a child to go with college men," I ventured. "She's only fifteen."

Barbara gave me a curious look.

"Do you really believe that?" she asked.

"Of course. Your mother was married—let me see—sixteen years ago. It was very romantic. She met your father when her parents took her to Italy. And she married him there." I explained to Barbara's young man: "Barbara was born in Italy. Her parents didn't return to America until she was four."

"YOU think that's all there was to it?" Barbara was amused.

"What else?" I asked.

"Oh, my!" Barbara said with the attitude of talking to a backward child. "You know *why* my mother went to Italy, don't you?"

"Yes," I told her.

"Well!" said Barbara.

"What do you mean?" I was curious now.

"I thought every one understood." Barbara was a bit condescending. She turned to Hal.

"I told you about it?"

He nodded.

"I can't believe," she smiled, "that in these days such a thing would be a family skeleton. You knew mamma was taken abroad because her parents wanted to break up an affair she was having with a musician?"

"Of course," I said.

"Well, they didn't break it up quickly enough. When she met—shall I say?—my father, she knew it was time to get married. They stayed abroad long enough so that people wouldn't worry about my age. Folks were so old-fashioned in those days!"

She looked at me with a little smile. Perhaps I was showing my amazement.

"Didn't you notice when you first saw me how large and bright I was for my age?"

"You were large," I admitted, "but not too bright."

"I had been kept back purposely. But even so, I could speak French and Italian." Her manner was sprightly now. "So you see Hal's just the right age for me. And that's why mother allows me so much freedom. I'm nearly seventeen!"

She did look seventeen!

The next day Barbara had an engagement with her schoolmates. She stayed at Mildred's for dinner. At nine the telephone rang.

"It's Barbara," she said. "I'm having such a good time with the girls I wondered if you'd mind if I stayed all night. Wait a minute—Mildred's mother wants to ask you," Barbara said.

I waited an extremely long time.

"Wait just a minute," Barbara's voice said again.

"This is Mrs. Morris, Mildred's mother," a voice said. "I'm sure you won't mind if Mildred stays all night with us."

I didn't like the voice. It had a metallic sound.

"I'm sorry but I'm afraid I must ask you to send her home," I said.

"You don't mind if I stay a little longer?" Barbara was back on the telephone. "Mildred is having a party and we're having such a nice time. Hal is here and will bring me home."

It seemed a shame to spoil the child's evening.

"Don't stay too late," I said.

IT was one o'clock when Barbara returned.

"I had a grand evening," she said. "Mildred's mother was awfully sorry you wouldn't let me stay."

I was glad to see Rhoda the next morning.

"I hope I was right in not letting Barbara stay all night with one of her friends," I said.

"I should say you were!" Rhoda was emphatic. "Barbara knows she isn't allowed to do that. Goodness knows what they planned!"

I was a little annoyed at her suspicions.

"I knew you wouldn't object to tea dates," I said. "Barbara explained that at school they let her go to tea with boys."

Rhoda groaned. "I told you not to believe a word she said. Barbara," accusingly, "why did you make that up?"

"It was the only way I could get out to tea," said Barbara.

"How about those other days? Jane? Mildred?" I was suspicious now.

Barbara gave me an impish smile. "I don't know any girl named Jane. That was Hal. I told him I'd call him by a girl's name when he telephoned."

"But you have been with Mildred?" I asked.

"Not since the first day."

"The woman on the telephone!" My voice was shrill.

"That was a woman we spoke to in a speakie. We couldn't quite put that one over."

"Well," I gasped, "Barbara's at an age where she should be able to take care of herself."

"Fifteen isn't very old," Rhoda said.

"Seventeen is older." I tried to look wise.

"It is," Rhoda agreed. "But Barbara happens to be fifteen."

I smiled. "Barbara told me about her age."

"I still don't know what you're driving at."

I tried to explain. Rhoda shook her head, sighed.

Barbara chortled.

"She sure fell for it! So did Hal! I tried it on him first. Awfully romantic. I caught an earlier train to New York instead of the special because I heard college boys would be on it. Hal was the best-looking boy on the train. He really is awfully nice. I didn't want him to know my real age, but I never dreamed any one else would believe that." She gave me her best smile.

"I'm glad you've had a taste of having a growing girl around," Rhoda said. "The thing I don't understand is that I warned you about not believing Barbara's stories."

"I really won't make up another thing!" Barbara promised solemnly. She brightened, changed the subject.

"Mother darling," she said, "when we go shopping I'll show you some of the darlingest dresses. Cheap, too. And a riding habit. Mine's too warm. The riding master said to tell you my system needs riding every day. I don't care much for riding but I'm willing to ride a lot this summer if it's for my *own good!*"

THE END

WHEN I HELPED PROVIDE Boxing's Biggest THRILL

A Backward Look at a Bout That Made History

By

JACK McAULIFFE

Retired Undefeated Lightweight Champion of the World

The great John L. in '92.

Jack McAuliffe in that year.

(Reading time: 3 minutes 40 seconds.)

IN September, 1892, New Orleans staged the greatest and most important boxing carnival that has ever been held. I had the honor to be one of the principals, and am one of the two still alive. The other is Jack Skelly, now a retired business man.

Three world's champions defended their titles on three successive nights, and with all due modesty I can say without much fear of contradiction that they were the greatest champions the ring has ever known—John L. Sullivan in the heavyweight class; George Dixon, master of all featherweights before or since; and myself, who retired undefeated as the lightweight champion of the world.

Sullivan had held the heavyweight title for twelve years and was thought to be invincible; Dixon was conceded to be the best featherweight the ring had ever seen; and I had never lost a fight among the lightweights. Then, too, Sullivan was meeting a new type of fighter in the first heavyweight championship fight under the Queensberry rules, and I was up against a fight with a man who had fought me a sixty-four-round draw—Billy Myer, the "Streator Cyclone."

On September 5 I knocked out Myer in the fifteenth. The following day George Dixon retained his title by knocking out Jack Skelly in the eighth. Then came the big number—Sullivan and Jim Corbett.

I couldn't see how Sullivan could lose. I was his chief second. I had won $25,000 by knocking out Billy Myer, and I gave Dick Roche, a gambler from St. Louis, all the money I had and told him to bet it on Sullivan. Billy West, the famous minstrel, had won $10,000 on the knockout victories by me and George Dixon; he bet it all and the rest of the money he had on Sullivan at Bud Renaud's pool room.

John Condon, the famous Chicago gambler, who then owned the Harlem race course, made one combination bet of $7,000 to $42,000 that he could pick the winner in all three fights. He named Dixon, myself, and Sullivan. After Dixon and I had won our fights Condon figured his money as good as won. Jim Cronin and Ed Butler (the old political boss of St. Louis) pooled their resources and bet $50,000 on Sullivan at odds of 4 to 1. Steve Brodie hocked everything he had, borrowed all he could, and bet it all on John L. Sullivan.

Dick Roche had won $60,000. He was going to add it to my $25,000 and bet it all on Sullivan. But Dick wondered why there was so much Corbett money, so he went to see Billy Delaney, Corbett's chief second and trainer. And Delaney made him think twice.

Sullivan and Corbett met on September 7; and when Corbett, the stripling who "didn't have a chance," danced rings around Sullivan and then knocked him out with a right to the jaw in the twenty-first round, it revolutionized the fight game for all time. Never had anybody seen such a demonstration of the superiority of boxing skill over brute strength.

After the fight I hunted Dick Roche up and said, "You'll have to pay my way back to New York."

"Pay your own way," he said, handing me my $25,000.

"What's this?" I inquired.

"It's the money you told me to bet on the Big Fellow," he said. "I didn't, because I know a fellow that knew something. His name is Billy Delaney."

Coming away from the fight, George Ade, covering the fight carnival for a Chicago newspaper, sat down beside a young fellow who was crying. Tears were running down his cheeks and sobs shook him as he turned to Ade and moaned, "I can't believe it. Tell me—did it really happen?" It was Steve Brodie. Friends had to pay his way back to the Brooklyn Bridge that he had made famous.

And "stripling" Jim Corbett.

Never before or since has so much money been wagered on a boxing show, and never again will the world see such a boxing carnival. Conditions are against it.

But the important thing is that the Sullivan-Corbett wind-up changed the future of the ring. It established the science of boxing that has lifted the fight game out of the gutter and legalized it in states that prohibited it.

That carnival formed the turning point upward for the fight game—and I am proud to have been a part of it.

THE END

The FIGHTING JEW

Sleuthing as an Arab—A Flyer in Copper—"Mrs. Dreben's Boy" Goes Overseas, Covers Himself with Glory, and Socks a Grand Duke!

The Amazing Story of

WILDCAT SAM DREBEN

By His Old Pal

TEX O'REILLY

ILLUSTRATION BY CHARLES DeFEO

(Reading time: 20 minutes 55 seconds.)

THE Mexican red flag rebellion against Madero turned out to be a lost cause, and Sam Dreben became a Federal "gum shoe." He was one of Madero's escort when the little dreamer president placed himself under the protection of the men who were secretly working to destroy him and make Huerta dictator. After Madero's assassination the Huertistas hunted Sam, but—as Tex told in last week's installment—Mexican friends of his managed to hide him and smuggle him to the border and safety.

His next job was the dangerous one of gun runner for the Carranza-Villa-Obregon coalition against Huerta. At the time of Villa's surprise capture of Juárez, Tex crossed trails with Sam and got glimpses of him in a dress suit shooting the works at roulette and in a pongee suit learning to tango! On the very night of his tango lesson he performed the daring feat of "running" a whole carload of sorely needed ammunition across the Rio Grande to the Villistas.

Later Sam was Villa's business agent in El Paso, and then opened a real estate office of his own there. The Mexican coalition split up. Obregon and Calles turned against the insensate Villa and successively defeated him. He retreated northward, the Columbus raid followed, and General Pershing was ordered to get him "dead or alive." Sam promptly offered Pershing his services as a scout. They were at once accepted.

Part Five—Big-League War Hero

SAM reported to General Pershing at Columbus the day the American troops crossed the border on the trail of Pancho Villa. Before leaving El Paso he had drawn his money out of the bank, amounting to about $2,000, and packed it in a money belt around his waist. This was a foolish precaution, as later events proved.

Sam was assigned to the company of scouts, but he usually played a lone hand. During the months that followed he drifted here and there through the State of Chihuahua, most of the time in disguise. He made his reports direct to General Pershing, and it was during this expedition that the American leader learned to appreciate the little soldier of fortune.

While the Pershing column was in Mexico the Carranza troops suddenly rounded up all the Syrian peddlers near the border and interned them in a prison camp. It was Dreben who was responsible for this move.

The Syrian peddler is a familiar figure in the rural districts of Mexico. They wander around to the remote villages and ranches hawking cloth, needles, thread, gay ribbons, holy pictures, any knickknack which may catch the eye of a peon with a peso in his pocket. To the na-

Sam led the way, playing a tune with his automatic gun. The Germans broke.

tives they are all known by the generic term of "Arabies." Sam the scout had become an "Araby" peddler.

He has told the story of how he was discovered. He had arrived at the plaza market place in the town of Coyame, mounted on a cow pony, his saddle festooned with packs of trade goods. He was chatting with some of the loafers in the plaza when he suddenly heard a startled whisper:

"*Mira*, Capitán Sammie!"

He looked up to glimpse a familiar face and see a man go trotting down the street toward the *cuartel* where the soldiers were stationed. He had been recognized, and capture meant death. Mumbling something about watering his horse, he led his pony around an adobe wall toward a windmill, jumped in the saddle, and went clattering out of town.

As he galloped away he began to jettison cargo from his packs. Gaudy cloth, pink stockings, brass jewelry, all went flying through the air. By the time he reached the nearest hilltop he did not have a thimble or a holy picture to his name. The natives must have thought he was an understudy for Santa Claus. At any rate, he won the race with the soldiers and made his way back to the American column.

On another occasion he was crossing the railroad track at a little way station. He discovered that he had ridden into the camp of a Federal patrol. Tying his horse in a deep arroyo, he crept into a corrugated-iron tool shed and

waited for the soldiers to settle down for the night. A soldier with a woman camp follower and a guitar seated himself on a pile of railroad ties just in front of the shed door, and proceeded to woo the lady with song.

"Now I like music, and you never heard me knock love, but I sure had enough of both before that pair of doves went away," Sam said afterward. "When that camp went to sleep I jellied out of there and led my horse on tiptoe for about a mile before I dast get on him."

Sam's work as a scout was a great success, but his old army habits again got him into trouble. He was in the camp with the American doughboys when pay day came around. Soon the romping dice were rolling on the blankets. Dreben restrained himself as long as was humanly possible, then unlimbered his money belt and got in the game. When taps sounded that night he was again busted, sadly listening to the old waddies telling him what a game sport he was. He was always a game gambler but bad luck was his boon companion.

Most of Sam's work with the American forces must of necessity remain secret. It was secret-service work, involving hardship and almost daily risk of his life. It is enough to quote the words of General Pershing himself:

"Dreben's work in Mexico was of the utmost importance. He never failed to volunteer for the most dangerous tasks. While acting as scout with the expeditionary forces I never knew him to make a false or misleading report."

Finally the expedition was withdrawn, and Sam reopened his office in El Paso. This time good fortune was knocking at the door. The war in Europe created a demand for copper, and he began to deal in copper stocks. He picked up a block of stock in the Blue Monster Copper Company, at that time sunk in the bottom brackets of the market.

It seemed as if old Lady Luck decided to make amends. The Blue Monster mine became a wealthy war bride almost overnight. A rich vein of ore was uncovered and the stock began to skyrocket. At last Dreben was a prosperous business man. His fortune was estimated at more than $200,000. He married, furnished an apartment, bought ten suits of clothes, enlarged his office, and hired three stenographers.

Not long afterward he made a trip to New York to attend a meeting of stockholders of the company, and to mingle with the other wealthy mining men in the East. On his way he stopped overnight in Chicago, and that night a mutual friend and I had dinner with him. We almost had to tie him to his chair to keep him away from the stock ticker. At the table he tossed a coin to decide whether to sell or hang on to the stock. Luckily the coin told him to hang on, and the stock kept on climbing. Next morning he took the train for New York, to "keep a date with Wall Street."

A FEW weeks later I too found myself in New York. Hearing that Sam was stopping at the Astor Hotel, I called him up about noon.

"Just the guy I want to see," he answered excitedly. "But, remember, don't come before four o'clock. Exactly at four you come in. I will surprise you."

At the time set I inquired for him at the desk of the Astor.

"Ah, yes, Colonel Dreben is expecting you," the clerk informed me. "He is waiting in the dining room."

I entered the dining room and glanced around for the pudgy figure.

"Hi, there, you longhorn!" came a familiar hail from a near-by table. "Come have some awfternoon tea!"

There sat Sam, clad in a morning coat, striped pants, and spats, a crook-nosed Malacca cane hanging from one arm, daintily toying with a teacup. Seated at the table were two gentlemen and three ladies. I learned later that one of them was a real countess.

"Ladies and gentlemen," chanted Sam in a voice like an auctioneer, "meet my old friend, Tex, the biggest chicken thief in Latin America. Told you, Tex, that some day I would be a high ranker in society. Look at Mrs. Dreben's boy now!"

Then I caught the plot of the piece. He had timed my entrance for the tea hour, when he would be entertaining his high society friends. He was just as popular in the upper social circle as he had been around the camp fire or the barrack room. That afternoon he kept his guests in an uproar of laughter at his weird tales of dash and deviltry. Many of the yarns were true.

When the tea party adjourned the guests left, after securing his promise to attend a penthouse party in his honor. Sam and I strolled toward the door leading out to Broadway. I was halted at the doorway to speak to an acquaintance. As I was talking I heard the sound of strife. Looking into the street, I saw Mrs. Dreben's promising boy tangled up in a dog fight with a taxi driver on the sidewalk.

I rushed up the reënforcements, the driver jumped into his cab and escaped, and Sam stooped to retrieve his cane and plug hat from the gutter.

"What did you hit him for?" I inquired.

"Because he hit me back," he said, grinning with a puffed lip. "Been layin' for that Irisher. He called me a kike yesterday and asked if I wasn't a chorus boy. I'll sock him again tomorrow. Gee, I forgot! Wonder if the countess saw me. It would play hell with my social prestige."

It is a fact that Sam socked that taxi driver three times within the next week. Finally the doorman patched up a truce, and they adjourned to a bar for a peace treaty.

SAM and I were together in New York the day the United States entered the World War. That night we wandered around the streets watching the celebration. The people seemed to think a declaration of war was the signal for a merry carnival.

"Well," said Sam, as we sat late in a restaurant off Broadway, "you and I have seen enough of this war stuff to know that it ain't no picnic. We are both over age, but you know that we'll get into it. First, I'm going back to El Paso and fix up my business. This is a big-league war, and there is one thing I want to have happen before I re-up. I'll tell you a little secret. We are going to have a baby at our house, and I want to see that kid before I go to France."

Dreben returned to El Paso and sold some of his copper stock. The next day he went to the committee that was collecting funds for the war welfare activities.

"Here is twenty thousand dollars," he said, laying a check on the desk. "Split that between the Red Cross and the Jewish Welfare Board."

A few months later a baby daughter arrived at the Dreben home. I think the birth of that baby was the greatest event of Sam's life. Yet a week later he went to the recruiting office and enlisted as a private soldier. He asked to be assigned to Company A, 141st Infantry, then commanded by Captain, later Major, Richard F. Burges of El Paso. Major Burges describes his entry into the ranks:

"Dreben had been doing splendid work in the Liberty Loan drives. While his education was meager, his command of English was good, his speech was grammatical, his devotion to the United States was intense, and his speaking in behalf of the bond sales was in the highest degree effective.

"Sam was a born soldier, and the temptation to get into the army was irresistible. My company was in training in Camp Bowie and he asked to be assigned to the outfit when he enlisted. His military qualifications were such that he was, in a few days, made a corporal, then a sergeant, and in a few weeks I appointed him top sergeant, a vacancy having arisen.

"His military abilities were so manifest and outstanding that his appointment soon justified itself to the company. Every energy of his mind and body were directed to his task; his courage and loyalty were beyond praise, and I count it my good fortune that he chose assignment to my company. Sam Dreben was a man among men, and he deserves the best that can be said about him."

As evidence of the respect he had won in the city of his adoption, the citizens of El Paso arranged a farewell banquet in his honor. At the table 150 men prominent in every walk of life were seated. The dinner was made the occasion of an appeal for donations in the Liberty Loan drive. Dressed in the uniform of a private, Dreben

sat and listened in embarrassment as speaker after speaker lauded his record as a soldier and good citizen. When the subscription list for the bonds was passed, $25,000 was subscribed. Finally the mayor of the city introduced Sam.

"You gentlemen do not know how proud I am to fight for my country," he said. "You are Americans by birth. I am a citizen because America was kind to me when I was a homeless waif fleeing from persecution. You don't know what it is to live under an autocratic government.

"You think you have given all you can to help your country. You say you are giving this banquet in my honor. If that is true, there is only one tribute I ask. Do as much for me in this Liberty Loan drive as you have done for the other speakers."

The list was again passed around the table and an additional $25,000 was pledged. The next day Sam packed his old kit bag and took the train for Camp Bowie, near Fort Worth, Texas, where his regiment was in training.

The Thirty-sixth Division, in which the 141st was included, was late in getting to France. When at last the regiment arrived at Hoboken, Dreben asked for a pass for a flying visit across the river. Dressed in his rough overseas uniform and hobnail shoes, he walked up Broadway to the Astor Hotel. There he met a group of noted newspapermen who had known him on the border.

Hailing him with glee, they demanded that he be their guest at dinner. He refused, demanding the right to act as host. Westward he led them through Hell's Kitchen to a cheap restaurant near the docks. There he ordered dinner for the gang.

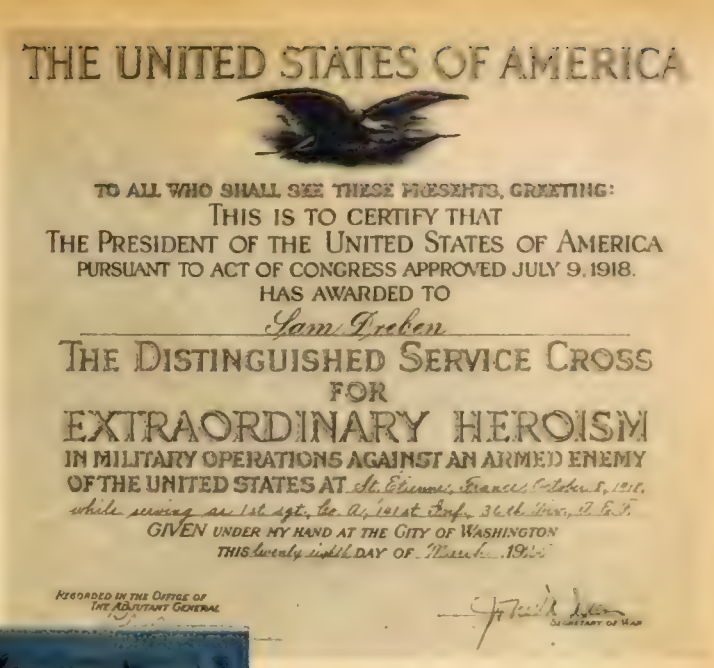
"You see, when I was a young hobo immigrant boy this man fed me," he explained, as he insisted that the amazed proprietor sit as guest of honor at the table.

Upon its arrival in France the division again went into training back of the lines. When it was sent to a quiet sector, Sergeant Dreben led the first trench raid into the enemy lines and captured the first prisoner.

Two of Sam's high honors from France. At left, his Croix de Guerre certificate; above, his citation to the Ordre de l'Armée. He won them by his exploit near St. Etienne on October 8, 1918.

It was the first week in October. The American army was in the thick of the fighting and daily reports of victories came back from the front. The men of the Thirty-sixth Division were afraid they would not get into action before the war ended.

The division was hurried into line north of Reims opposite the ridge of St. Etienne which the Germans had held since the early days of the war. The night of October 7, the regiment took its place for its first and severest battle. On the morning of October 8 the outfit faced a


THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

TO ALL WHO SHALL SEE THESE PRESENTS, GREETING:
THIS IS TO CERTIFY THAT
THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
PURSUANT TO ACT OF CONGRESS APPROVED JULY 9, 1918.
HAS AWARDED TO
Sam Dreben
THE DISTINGUISHED SERVICE CROSS
FOR
EXTRAORDINARY HEROISM
IN MILITARY OPERATIONS AGAINST AN ARMED ENEMY
OF THE UNITED STATES AT St. Etienne, France, October 8, 1918,
while serving as 1st Sgt., Co. A, 141st Inf., 36th Div., U. S. A.
GIVEN UNDER MY HAND AT THE CITY OF WASHINGTON
THIS twenty-sixth DAY OF March 1919

RECORDED IN THE OFFICE OF THE ADJUTANT GENERAL

His highest honor from Uncle Sam—his D. S. C. certificate.

hard problem. All was confusion; there were no orders except to attack at dawn. It was the division's first time under fire.

Such being the case, the only course open to Captain Burges of A Company was to lead the attack in person. This he did, going over the top with Sergeant Dreben by his side. The fighting was desperate and the losses in the regiment were very severe. Sections of other companies became detached and mingled with A Company.

HOUR after hour the company drove on past Media Farm and Blanc Mont toward the heights of St. Etienne. It found itself out ahead of the line, in danger of being cut off by the enemy. On the right the company front was bent back almost at a right angle to a junction with the French troops. Sergeant Dreben was commanding that platoon.

There was no time for orders; this was Sam's job. He called for volunteers. Most of the platoon responded. He selected eighteen men, youngsters from Texas and Oklahoma in their first battle. He was the only veteran.

Taking advantage of every inch of cover, he deployed his men and advanced. Instead of a squad, a half company of Germans were sighted in the act of placing three machine guns to bear on the French line. Sam's squad was armed only with rifles and two automatic rifles.

Surprised, the Germans turned to attack the new enemy. Sam maneuvered his little detachment through trenches and shell holes, keeping up a galling fire. He led the way, playing a tune with his automatic gun.

The Germans broke. When the fight ended, fifty of the enemy were left dead, and the men of A Company returned to their line with the three machine guns and three prisoners. Sam had won the fight without the loss of a man. Captain Burges sent the following dispatch to the regimental commander, Colonel W. E. Jackson:

Enemy advance on our right repulsed. Sergeant Dreben

has captured three machine guns, three prisoners, and killed fifty of the enemy.

Colonel Jackson replied:

Great work. Keep it up. Percentage between killed and captured is about right.

Officers who were eyewitnesses declared that Sam's exploit undoubtedly saved A Company and saved the French troops from a flank surprise attack. For this gallant fight Sergeant Dreben received the Distinguished Service Cross from the United States and the Médaille Militaire and Croix de Guerre from the French government.

From that first day on to the Armistice on November 11 the Thirty-sixth Division played an active rôle in the last great drama of the war. That Sam was on the job is shown by the mention in dispatches, "For gallant conduct in relieving an outpost under heavy machine-gun fire."

Again, under a different date line, he is cited for "Bravery in action while moving wounded to safety."

Evidently the old top was doing a man's work. One incident which occurred a few days before the Armistice gave Sam one of the thrills of his life. On a rainy day the head of the column arrived at the post which marked the boundary between France and Alsace. At last they were to set foot on German soil.

The officer then in command of the regiment halted the column and ordered up the band. The bandsmen drew up beside the muddy road. Then a command went echoing down the line:

"Sergeant Dreben, front and center."

Through the mud the muffled little sergeant came plodding, wondering what it was all about.

"Sergeant Dreben, we are entering German territory. You have earned the right to set the first foot on enemy soil. Take the point."

Then, to the tune of My Old Kentucky Home, the band played Sam across the line.

On the morning of the Armistice Sam's company was on the firing line near Sedan. At the ends of other wars he had always staged a jubilee. In a few days, when the company was in billets, he applied for a furlough. He wanted to see Paris. His request for leave was refused.

NOT long afterward General Pershing toured the line. At the headquarters of the 141st Infantry he spied his former scout of the Mexican days. He noticed the medals on Sam's tunic.

"Why, Dreben!" he exclaimed, seizing his hand. "I see you have distinguished yourself, as I might have expected. Anything I can do for you?"

"Yes, general," Sam replied. "I would like a pass to Paris."

General Pershing laughed, and in a few minutes Sam had his pass, entitling him to travel anywhere in France, signed by his commander in chief.

He lost no time in making his way to the Paris sector, where he found that the French capital was still feverishly celebrating. If that Armistice carnival in Paris was not a success it was not his fault.

On the second day of his leave he wandered into a bar to fire another salute. Standing at the bar was an American captain lit up like a lighthouse. Gravely Sam saluted. The captain looked down on the runty sergeant.

"I've got the best damn' top kicker in the United States army!" he boasted.

"Maybe. But you don't know me yet," Sam retorted.

"Have a drink!" roared the captain.

That was the way the trouble started. Late that night Dreben and his new-found crony were still celebrating. They tried not to slight any bar in Paris. Finally they were surrounded by a dining room where there were lights and music and people sitting at tables. Out of the mist came a civilian in evening clothes. He made the fatal error of casting a slur on the Jewish people.

Sam socked him and he did a fancy dive to the floor. A flying wedge of waiters bum's-rushed Sam and the cheering captain. The head waiter said:

"It is not right for you, a common soldier, to strike a Grand Duke of Russia."

"What's that?" Sam yelled. "A Russian Grand Duke? Oh, boy, what a chance!"

Eluding them, he ran back and socked the Grand Duke again. About that time the M.P.s arrived and he and the happy captain were led away in disgrace.

I really think that this was the brightest spot in Sam's life. Years afterward, when the World War was mentioned, he would say with a delighted grin, "It was a grand war. I punched the head of a Grand Duke—a cousin of the Czar that run my poppa out of Russia."

Charges were made, but were dropped. Even Paris, however, had the right to raise hell in peace, so Mrs. Dreben's militant offspring had his leave canceled and was shipped back to his company.

IN the long weeks before the transport sailed for home, a cruel fate seemed to hang over Sergeant Dreben. Within one week he received word that the baby he idolized had died in El Paso, and his revered old father died. Then the Blue Monster Copper Company folded up and Sam was the world's champion bankrupt.

Asked why he had not sold out his stock when it was soaring, he said, "Well, I shot the works and I lost. What's the odds? I never died a winter yet."

In due time El Paso gave the home-town boys a royal reception. Sergeant Dreben was the hero of the day. Burt Orndorff, former mayor of El Paso, raised a purse of $1,000 and presented it to the town's most famous citizen. It was a welcome gift.

Shortly after his return another medal arrived—the Belgian War Cross. The business men of the city arranged a reception in his honor at the University Club. General James B. Erwin presented the decoration.

"Had it been within his power, General John J. Pershing would have been here tonight to bestow this honor upon the distinguished soldier we all know and love," he said. "General Pershing looked upon this enlisted man as his intimate personal friend, and I am proud to be numbered among the friends of Sergeant Sam Dreben, the fighting Jew."

Dreben did not rest on his laurels. Again he opened an office and hired a stenographer. This time he was selling life insurance. Texas would not leave him in peace, however. During the last Victory Loan drive he was drafted as a speaker and toured the state appealing for funds. In Austin, the state capital, he was made the guest of the governor and invited to address the state legislature.

Then he journeyed back to El Paso. About this time a divorce was granted, and he started life anew in every sense. He visited my home in San Antonio.

"No more wars for Mrs. Dreben's boy," he said. "The old law of averages will get you yet. It's time we were settling down."

I agreed with him, yet if we could have looked into the future we would have seen more wars ahead for both of us. Sam could no more keep away from adventure than he could pass up a pair of dice. He always "shot the works."

The Fighting Jew, Sam's story by Tex O'Reilly, will be concluded in Liberty next week.

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 21

1—Harvard, founded 1636.
2—William R. King, elected on the Pierce ticket.
3—In good faith, genuine.
4—Twenty-eight, and a like renewal.
5—Sir Isaac Newton.
6—Stephen Vincent Benét.
7—Francis Bacon.
8—Between 25 and 49 degrees.
9—Not worth anything; in allusion to money issued during the American Revolution.
10—Richard Jordan Gatling.
11—John Howard Payne.
12—Admiral Robert Edwin Peary.
13—The chaparral cock.
14—A branch of biology, dealing with the relationship of organisms to their surroundings.
15—Spatterdashes.
16—A footway in a rigid airship.
17—776 B. C.
18—Empress of Russia.
19—Confederate Attorney-general, Secretary of War, and Secretary of State.
20—The Strait of Belle Isle.

THIRD WEEK'S CASH PRIZE WINNERS!

$5,000 HOME LIFE SNAPSHOT CONTEST

You Can Win One of This Week's 51 Cash Prizes!

THE fifty-one cash prize winners of the December 2 contest of this series are announced below. Checks for the proper amounts will be mailed forthwith. Liberty offers another group of fifty-one cash awards this week. If you compete, your opportunity to find your name listed when the winners are announced is excellent. Remember, it is human interest and not photographic excellence that counts. Read the brief rules. They explain everything you need to know in order to win the biggest prize. Then point your camera, snap the shutter, and capture a winning picture. January 22 is the closing date.

$10 PRIZE WINNER
By Mrs. Gertrude Back

●

December 2 Prize Winners

$100 FIRST PRIZE
GEORGE MORAN, Jr., New Haven, Conn.

TEN $10 PRIZES

Mrs. Gertrude Back, Berkeley, Calif.; William E. Cartwright, Mangum, Okla.; Mrs. W. Connor, North Platte, Neb.; E. W. Hansen, New Orleans, La.; Robert H. Metzger, Grand Rapids, Mich.; Grace E. Read, Seattle, Wash.; Elsie Smith, Milford, Conn.; Augusta Strumpen, Philadelphia, Pa.; Grace S. Turner, Berwyn, Md.; George R. Weed, Freedom, N. H.

FORTY $5 PRIZES

Kaye Aitken, Oak Lake, Man.; H. J. Barnes, New Kensington, Pa.; Mrs. E. B. Biles, San Antonio, Tex.; Jack Baine, Los Angeles, Calif.; Robert T. Boynton, Oshkosh, Wis.; Mrs. Mae Burnell, Laguna Beach, Calif.; Irvin H. Cady, Alpena, Mich.; Doris Cheetham, Newark, N. J.; H. G. Clark, St. John's, Nfld.; R. M. Coleman, Brandon, Man.; Mrs. R. H. Cooper, South Gate, Calif.; Harry F. Cordes, New York, N. Y.; Mrs. George C. Davis, Nickerson, Kan.; Betty Ely, Los Angeles, Calif.; P. A. Fraleigh, Burlington, Vt.; Goldie E. Frazee, Baltimore, Md.; Frank R. Gethro, Portland, Me.; N. M. Goodrich, Santa Barbara, Calif.; Albert C. Herweh, Cincinnati, Ohio; Doris V. Hitchings, West Concord, Mass. David M. Jones, Stockbridge, Mass.; J. P. Keenan, Jr., Augusta, Ga.; Felix J. Koch, Cincinnati, Ohio; Mrs. A. L. Koschik, Erie, Pa.; Carlos La Moine, Stockton, Calif.; S. V. Layson, Springfield, Ill.; Carl A. Lehman, Elk Point, S. D.; Verda Metzger, Springfield, Neb.; Charles Miller, East Patchogue, N. Y.; Llewellyn A. Moorhouse, Fort Collins, Colo.; D. H. Murray, Pacific Grove, Calif.; F. S. Olker, Milwaukee, Wis.; Thomas Quinlan, Somerville, Mass.; R. A. Romanes, Alto, Ga.; Mrs. C. H. Ryan, Houston, Tex.; Mrs. E. Sammons, Milwaukie, Ore.; Karl J. Schultz, Dallas, Tex.; Peggy Stansell, Chattanooga, Tenn.; Mrs. George J. Wiechel, Toledo, Ohio; John C. Wright, Youngstown, Ohio.

$5 PRIZE WINNER
By Irvin H. Cady

●

SNAPSHOT CONTEST RULES

TEN WEEKLY CONTESTS

1. Each week for ten weeks Liberty will award $400 in cash prizes for the best home life snapshots submitted by nonprofessional photographers.
2. Any one, anywhere, may enter except professional photographers, employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.
3. There is no restriction regarding size of prints. Enlargements are eligible, but in case of enlargements the prints from which such enlargements are made must be attached.
4. Photographs need not be taken specially for this contest, but they must be taken on or after November 8, 1933, and in every case must be the work of the person who submits them. By entering any contest in this series you agree that you will upon request submit to Liberty the negative from which your print was made. Such negatives will be returned if desired.
5. Submit as many prints as you wish. Write plainly or print name and full address on the back of each. No prints will be returned. Prize-winning prints become the property of Macfadden Publications, Inc., for reproduction wherever desired.
6. The first weekly contest closed Monday, December 4, and succeeding contests will close each following Monday, including February 5, 1934, which ends the contest series.
7. Quality of photography does not count, except that any snapshot in order to be awarded a prize must be of sufficient clearness to reproduce satisfactorily for publication. Prizes will be awarded on the basis of human interest only. Judging on that basis, each week of this contest series the person submitting the best snapshot will receive the first prize of $100, etc., as per the cash prize schedule elsewhere on this page.
8. Address all entries to HOME LIFE SNAPSHOTS, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

$1,000 GRAND PRIZE RULES

1. Regardless of whether or not it has won a weekly prize, every entry in the contest series will be eligible for one of the five $200 Grand Prizes to be awarded when the contest series closes.
2. These Grand Prizes will be awarded for the following divisions: Group A, best baby snapshot. Group B, best family group. Group C, best home interior. Group D, best pet picture. Group E, the snapshot that most nearly tells a complete story.
3. The conditions set forth in Rules 3, 4, 5, and 7 above apply to this Grand Prize offer.

Advertisement

Over 1000
Additional Awards Weekly
To Entrants In The
LIBERTY HOME LIFE SNAPSHOT CONTEST

The Master Photo Finishers of America, giving Master Photo Finishing service through the most important Photo Dealers in most towns and cities of the United States and Canada, will award thousands of extra Blue Ribbon Prize Photo Enlargements each week to entrants in the LIBERTY Home Life Snapshot Contest.

All that is necessary to qualify for one of the many weekly prize enlargements is to obtain one of the official Liberty Home Life Snapshot Contest entry blanks from any local photo dealer whose DEVELOPING Photo Finishing is serviced by a Master Photo Finisher, and leave your entries with this Dealer accompanied with one of these Entry Blanks.

All local entries made in this manner will be judged weekly with numerous Blue Ribbon Enlargements awarded the best of local entries, after which all entries will be forwarded immediately to LIBERTY for entry and consideration in connection with the $5,000.00 weekly and grand prizes in the Liberty Home Life Snapshot Contest.

PRINTING

The Master Photo Finishers of America *Giving Master Photo Service To the Better Photo Dealers of the United States and Canada*

Tarzan and the LION MAN

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY DEAN

Rhonda Reaches the Valley of Diamonds, and Tarzan—But Read for Yourself the Surprising Finale of This Strangest of All Adventures

(Reading time: 27 minutes 51 seconds.)

PART NINE—CONCLUSION

RHONDA stooped and gathered some of the diamonds in her hands. Balza looked at her in surprise; the gems meant nothing to her. Tarzan, more sophisticated, gathered several of the larger specimens.

"May I take some with me?" asked Rhonda.

"Why not?" inquired the ape man. "Take what you can carry comfortably."

"We shall all be rich!" exclaimed the American girl. "We can bring the whole company here and take truckloads of these stones back with us—why, there must be tons of them here!"

"And then do you know what will happen?" asked Tarzan.

"Yes," she replied. "I shall have a villa on the Riviera, a town house in Beverly Hills, a hundred-and-fifty-thousand-dollar cottage at Malibu, a place at Palm Beach, a penthouse in New York, a—"

"You will have no more than you have always had," the ape man interrupted. "For if you took all these diamonds back to civilization the market would be glutted and diamonds would be as cheap as glass. If you are wise you will take just a few for yourself and your friends — and then tell nobody how they may reach the valley of diamonds."

Rhonda pondered this for a moment. "You are right," she admitted. "From this moment, so far as I am concerned, there is no valley of diamonds."

During the brief twilight Balza guided them to a trail that led down into the valley some distance below the cave dwellings of the tribe of mutants, and all during the night they moved southward toward the escarpment and Omwamwi Falls.

The way was new to all of them, for Balza had never been far south of the cave village; and this, combined with the darkness, retarded them so that it was almost dawn when they reached the escarpment.

For much of the way Tarzan carried Rhonda, who was almost exhausted by all that she had passed through, and only thus were they able to progress at all. But Balza was tireless, moving silently in the footsteps of her man, as she now considered Tarzan.

In the early dawn the scene from the top of the escarpment looked weird and forbidding to Rhonda Terry. The base was mist-hidden. Only the roar of the falls, rising sepulchral like the voices of ghostly Titans from the tomb, belied the suggestion of bottomless depth. She seemed to be gazing down into another world, a world she would never reach alive.

Strong in her memory was that other experience when the giant gorilla had carried her up this dizzy height. She knew that she could never descend it safely alone. She knew that Stanley Obroski could not carry her down.

Even as these thoughts passed quickly through her mind Tarzan swung her across one broad shoulder and started the descent. Rhonda gasped, but she made no outcry. Seemingly with all the strength of the bull gorilla and with far greater agility, he swung down into the terrifying abyss, finding foothold and handhold with unerring accuracy. And after him came Balza, the wild girl, as sure of herself as any monkey.

And at last the impossible was achieved. The three stood safely at the foot of the escarpment. The sun had risen and before it the mist was disappearing. New hope rose in the breast of the American girl and new strength animated her body.

"Let me down, Stanley," she said. "I am sure I can walk all right now. I feel stronger."

He lowered her to the ground. "It is not a great way to the camp where I left Orman and the others," he said.

Rhonda glanced at Balza and cleared her throat. "Of course we're all from Hollywood," she said, "but don't you think we ought to rig some sort of skirt for Balza before we take her into camp?"

Tarzan laughed. "Poor Balza," he said; "she will have to eat of the apple soon enough, now that she is coming into contact with civilized man. Let her keep her naturalness and her purity of mind as long as she may."

"But I was thinking of her," remonstrated Rhonda.

"She won't be embarrassed," Tarzan assured her. "A skirt would probably embarrass her far more."

Rhonda shrugged. "O. K.," she said. "And Tom and Bill forgot how to blush years ago, anyway."

They had proceeded but a short distance down the river when Tarzan stopped and pointed. "There is where they were camped," he said—"but they are gone!"

"What could have happened to them? Weren't they going to wait for you?"

The ape man stood listening and sniffing the air. "They are farther down the river," he announced presently, "and they are not alone—there are many with them."

They continued on for over a mile, when they suddenly came in sight of a large camp. There were many tents and motor trucks.

"The safari!" exclaimed Rhonda. "Pat got through!"

As they approached the camp some one saw them and commenced to shout; then there was a stampede to meet them. Every one kissed Rhonda, and Naomi kissed Tarzan. Whereat, with a growl, Balza leaped for her. The ape man caught the wild girl around the waist and held her, while Naomi Madison shrank back, terrified.

"Hands off Stanley," warned Rhonda, with a laugh. "The young lady has annexed him."

Tarzan took Balza by the shoulders and wheeled her

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

Tarzan swung her across one broad shoulder and started the descent. Rhonda gasped, but she made no outcry.

The ape man caught the wild girl around the waist and held her, while Naomi Madison shrank back, terrified.

about until she faced him. "These are my people," he said. "Their ways are not as your ways. If you quarrel with them I shall send you away. These shes are your friends."

Every one was staring at Balza with open admiration, Orman with the eye of a director discovering a type, Pat O'Grady with the eye of an assistant director—which is something else again.

"Balza," continued the ape man, "go with these shes. Do as they tell you. They will cover your beautiful body with uncomfortable clothing, but you will have to wear it. In a month you will be smoking cigarettes and drinking highballs. Then you will be civilized. Now you are only a barbarian. Go with them and be unhappy."

Every one laughed except Balza. She did not know what it was all about; but her god had spoken, and she obeyed. She went with Rhonda and Naomi to their tent.

Tarzan talked with Orman, Bill West, and O'Grady. They all thought that he was Stanley Obroski and he did not attempt to undeceive them.

Orman was now enthusiastic to go ahead with the picture. He had his star back again, his leading woman, and practically all the other important members of his cast. He decided to play the heavy himself and cast Pat O'Grady in Major White's part, and he had already created a part for Balza. "She'll knock 'em cold," he prophesied.

For two weeks Orman shot scene after scene against the gorgeous background of the splendid river and the magnificent falls. Tarzan departed for two days, and returned with a tribe of friendly natives to replace those that had deserted. He led the cameraman to lions, to elephants, to every form of wild life that the district afforded; and all marveled at the knowledge, the power, and the courage of Stanley Obroski.

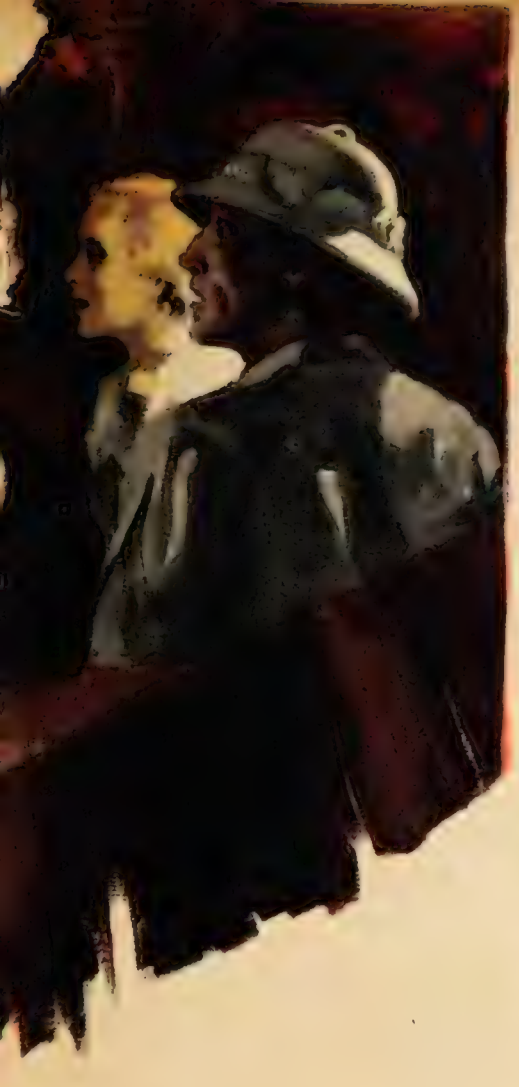
THEN came a sad blow. A runner arrived bringing a cablegram to Orman. It was from the studio; and it ordered him to return at once to Hollywood, bringing the company and equipment with him.

Every one except Orman was delighted. "Hollywood!" exclaimed Naomi Madison. "Oh, Stanley, just think of it! Aren't you crazy to get to Hollywood?"

"Perhaps that's the right word," he mused.

The company danced and sang like children watching the schoolhouse burn, and Tarzan watched them and wondered. He wondered what this Hollywood was like, that it held such an appeal for these men and women. He thought that some day he might go and see for himself.

Over broken trails the return journey was made with ease and speed. Tarzan accompanied the safari



through the Basuto country, assuring them that they would have no trouble. "I arranged that with Rungula before I left his village," he explained.

Then he left them, saying that he was going on ahead to Jinja. He hastened to the village of Mpugu, where he had left Obroski. Mpugu met him with a long face. "White *bwana* die seven days ago," announced the chief. "We take his body to Jinja so that the white men know that we did not kill him."

Tarzan whistled. It was too bad, but there was nothing to do about it. He had done the best that he could for Obroski.

Two days later the Lord of the Jungle and Jad-bal-ja, the golden lion, stood on a low eminence and watched the long caravan of trucks wind toward Jinja.

In command of the rear guard walked Pat O'Grady. At his side was Balza. Each had an arm about the other, and Balza puffed on a cigarette.

A YEAR had passed.

A tall bronzed man alighted from The Chief in the railroad station at Los Angeles. The easy majestic grace of his carriage, his tread at once silent and bold, his flowing muscles, the dignity of his mien—all suggested the leonine, as though he were indeed a personification of Numa the lion.

A great throng of people crowded about the train.

Cameras clicked and whirred for local papers, for news syndicates, for news reels. Eager reporters, special correspondents, and sob sisters pressed forward.

At last the crowd glimpsed the celebrity and a great roar of welcome billowed into the microphones strategically placed by Freeman Lang.

A slip of a girl with golden hair had alighted from The Chief. Her publicity agent preceded her, while directly behind her were her three secretaries, who were followed by a maid leading a gorilla.

Instantly she was engulfed by the reporters. Freeman forced his way to her side. "Won't you say just a word to all your friends of the air?" he asked, taking her by the arm. "Right over here, please, dear."

SHE stepped to the microphone. "Hello, everybody! I wish you were all here. It's simply mahvelous! I'm so happy to be back in Hollywood!"

Freeman Lang took the microphone. "Ladies and gentlemen," he announced, "you have just heard the voice of the most beautiful and most popular little lady in motion pictures today—the glorious Balza."

There was a suspicion of a smile in the eyes of the bronzed stranger as he succeeded at last in making his way through the crowd to the street, where he hailed a taxi and asked to be driven to a hotel in Hollywood.

As he was registering at the Roosevelt, a young man leaning against the desk covertly noted his entry: "John Clayton, London"; and as "Clayton" followed the bell boy toward the elevator the young man watched him, noting the tall figure, the broad shoulders, and the free yet catlike stride.

From the windows of his room Clayton looked down upon Hollywood Boulevard, upon the interminable cars gliding noiselessly east and west. He caught glimpses of tiny trees and little patches of lawn where the encroachment of shops had not obliterated them, and he sighed.

The confining walls of the hotel room oppressed him; and he took the elevator to the lobby, thinking to go into the hills that he had seen billowing so close, to the north.

In the lobby a young man accosted him. "Aren't you Mr. Clayton?" he asked.

Clayton eyed the stranger closely for a moment before he replied: "Yes, but I do not know you."

"You have probably forgotten, but I met you in London."

Clayton shook his head. "I never forget."

The young man shrugged and smiled. "Pardon me, but nevertheless I recognized you. Here on business?"

He was unembarrassed.

"Merely to see Hollywood," replied Clayton. "I have heard so much about it that I wished to see it."

"Got a lot of friends here, I suppose."

"No one knows me here."

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"Perhaps I can be of service to you," suggested the young man. "I am an old-timer here—been here two years. Nothing to do—glad to show you around. My name is Reece."

Clayton considered for a moment. He had come to see Hollywood. A guide might be helpful. Why not this young man as well as some one else? "It is kind of you," he said.

"Well, then, how about a little lunch? I suppose you would like to see some of the motion-picture celebrities—they all do."

"Naturally!" admitted Clayton. "They are the most interesting denizens of Hollywood."

"Very well! We'll go to the Brown Derby. You'll see a lot of them there."

As they alighted from a taxi in front of the Brown Derby, Clayton saw a crowd of people lined up on each side of the entrance. It reminded him of the crowds he had seen at the station welcoming the famous Balza.

"They must be expecting a very important personage," he said to Reece.

"Oh, these boobs are here every day," replied the young man.

The Brown Derby was crowded—well groomed men, beautifully gowned girls. There was something odd in the apparel, the ornaments, or the hairdressing of each, as though each was trying to outdo the others in attracting attention to himself.

Reece pointed out the celebrities to Clayton. One or two of the names were familiar to the stranger, but they all looked so much alike and talked so much alike, and said nothing when they did talk, that Clayton was soon bored. He was glad when the meal was over. He paid the check and they went out.

"Doing anything this evening?" asked Reece.

"I have nothing planned."

"Suppose we go to the première of Balza's latest picture, Soft Shoulders, at the Chinese. I have a ticket, and I know a fellow who can get you one, but it will probably cost you twenty-five smackers." He eyed Clayton questioningly.

"Is it something that I ought to see if I am to see Hollywood?"

"Absolutely!"

A GLARE of lights illuminated the front of Grauman's Chinese Theater and the sky above. Twenty thousand people milled and pushed and elbowed in Hollywood Boulevard, filling the street from building line to building line, a solid mass of humanity blocking all traffic. Policemen shouldered and sweated. Street cars were at a standstill.

Clayton and Reece walked from the Roosevelt through the surging crowd.

As they approached the theater Clayton heard loud-speakers broadcasting the arrival of celebrities who had left their cars two or three blocks away and forced their way through the mob.

As Clayton entered the forecourt the voice of Freeman Lang was filling the boulevard from the loud-speakers:

"The celebrities are coming thick and fast now. Naomi Madison is just getting out of her car—and there's her new husband with her, the Prince Mudini. And here comes the sweetest little girl, just coming into the forecourt now. It's Balza herself! I'll try to get her to say something to you. Oh, sweetheart, come over here! My, how gorgeous you're looking tonight! Won't you say just a word to all your friends of the air? Right over here, please, dear."

"Hello, everybody!" Balza lisped. "I wish you were all here. It's simply mahvelous! I'm so happy to be back in Hollywood!"

Clayton smiled enigmatically, the crowd in the street roared its applause, and Freeman turned to greet the next celebrity.

"Let's go inside," suggested Clayton.

"WELL, Clayton, how did you like the picture?" asked Reece.

"The acrobats in the prologue were splendid."

Reece looked a little crestfallen. Presently he brightened. "I'll tell you what we'll do," he announced. "I'll get hold of a couple more fellows and we'll go to a party."

"At this time of night?"

"Oh, it's early. There's Billy Brouke now. Hi there, Billy! Say, I want you to meet Mr. Clayton, an old friend of mine from London. Mr. Clayton, this is Billy Brouke. How about a little party, Billy?"

"O. K. by me! We'll go in my car; it's parked around the corner."

On a side street near Franklin they climbed into a flashy roadster. Brouke drove west a few blocks on Franklin and then turned up a narrow street that wound into the hills.

Clayton was troubled. "Perhaps your friends may not be pleased if you bring a stranger," he suggested.

Reece laughed. "Don't worry," he admonished. "They'll be as glad to see you as they will be to see us."

That made Brouke laugh, too. "I'll say they will," he commented.

On a side street in an otherwise quiet neighborhood they sighted a brilliantly lighted house in front of which several cars were parked. Laughter and the sounds of radio music were coming from an open window.

"This looks like the place," said Reece.

"It is," said Brouke with a grin, and drew up at the curb.

A Filipino opened the door in answer to their ring. Reece brushed in past him, and the others followed.

"The party's getting good," commented Brouke as he led the way into the living room. "Hello, everybody!" he cried. "Where's the drinks? Come on, boys!" And he started for the back of the house.

A middle-aged man graying at the temples rose from a divan and approached Reece. There was a puzzled expression on his face. "I don't believe—" he started.

"It's all right, old man!" Brouke

exclaimed. "Sorry to be late. Shake hands with Mr. Reece and Mr. Clayton of London. How about a little drink?"

And without waiting for an answer he headed for the kitchen. Reece and the host followed, but Clayton hesitated.

A tall blonde, swaying a little, approached him. "Haven't I met you somewhere before, Mr.—ah—"

"Clayton," he came to her rescue.

"How about a little dance?" she demanded. "My boy friend," she confided as they swung into the rhythm of the music, "passed out, and they had to put him to bed."

She talked incessantly, but Clayton managed to ask her if she knew Rhonda Terry.

"Know Rhonda Terry! I should say I do. She's in Samoa now, starring in her husband's new picture."

"Her husband! Is she married?"

"Yes; she's married to Tom Orman, the director. Do you know her?"

"I met her once," replied Clayton.

After the dance she drew him over to a sofa on which two men were sitting. "Abe," she said to one of the men, "here's a find for you. This is Mr. Potkin, Mr. Clayton—Abe Potkin, you know. And this is Mr. Puant—Dan Puant, the famous scenarist."

"We've been watching Mr. Clayton," replied Potkin.

"You'd better grab him," advised the girl. "You'll never find a better Tarzan."

"He isn't exactly the type, but he might answer; I've been noticing him," said Potkin. "What do you think, Dan?"

"He hasn't a name—nobody ever heard of him. And you said you wanted a big name," argued Puant.

"We'll use that platinum blonde, Era Dessent, opposite him. She's got a lot of sex appeal and a big name."

"That ought to fix it so that we can use this fellow," said Puant, "for it won't make much difference who takes the part of Tarzan."

"How about it, Mr. Clayton?" inquired Potkin.

AT this juncture Reece and Brouke romped in from the kitchen, each with a bottle. The host was following, expostulating.

"Have a drink, everybody!" cried Brouke. "The party's going stale."

They passed about the room, filling up glasses with neat Bourbon or gin; sometimes they mixed them. They paused occasionally to take a drink themselves.

"Well," demanded Potkin, after the interruption had passed, "how about it?"

Clayton eyed him questioningly. "How about what?"

"I'm going to make a jungle picture," explained Potkin. "I got a contract for a Tarzan picture, and I want a Tarzan. I'll make a test of you tomorrow morning."

Clayton stood up. "I'll think it over," he said.

A good-looking young woman came running in from the reception hall. Brouke was pursuing her. "Leave me alone, you cad!" she cried.

The graying host was close behind Brouke. "Leave my wife alone," he shouted, "and get out of here!"

Brouke gave the man a push that sent him staggering back against a chair, over which he fell in a heap next to the wall. Then he seized the woman, lifted her in his arms, and ran out into the hall.

CLAYTON looked on in amazement. He turned and saw the girl he had danced with. "Your friend is getting a little rough," she said.

"He is not my friend," replied Clayton. "I just met him this evening. He invited me to come to this party that is being given by a friend of his."

The girl laughed. "Friend of his!" she mimicked. "Joe never saw any of you boys before. You"—she looked at him closely—"you don't mean to say you didn't know you were crashing a party in a stranger's house!"

Clayton looked bewildered. "They are not friends of these people?" he demanded. "Why didn't they order us out? Why didn't they call the police?"

"And have the police find a kitchen full of booze? Quit kidding, big boy."

A woman's scream was wafted down from the upper floor. The host was staggering to his feet. "My God, my wife!" he cried.

Clayton sprang into the hall and leaped up the stairs.

He heard cries coming from behind a closed door. It was locked. He put his shoulder to it, and it flew open with a crash.

Inside the room a woman was struggling in the clutches of the drunken Brouke. Clayton seized the man by the scruff of the neck and tore him away. Brouke voiced a scream of pain and rage. Then he turned upon Clayton. But he was helpless in the giant grip of those mighty muscles.

A police siren wailed in the distance. That seemed to sober Brouke. "Drop me, you damn' fool!" he cried. "Here come the police!"

Clayton carried the struggling man to the head of the stairs and pitched him down. Then he turned back to the room where the woman lay on the floor where she had fallen. He raised her to her feet.

"Are you hurt?" he asked.

"No—just frightened. He was trying to make me tell him where I kept my jewels."

The police siren sounded again, much closer now.

"You'd better get out. Joe's awful sore. He'll have all three of you arrested."

Clayton glanced toward an open window, near which the branches of a great oak showed in the light from the street lamps in front of the house. He placed a foot upon the sill and leaped into the darkness. The woman screamed. . . .

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Have one of your parents show approval by signing here:

In the morning Clayton found Reece waiting for him in the lobby of the hotel.

"Great little party, eh what?" demanded the young man.

"I thought you would be in jail," said Clayton.

"Not a chance! Billy Brouke has a courtesy card from one of the big shots. Say, I see you're going to work for Abe Potkin, doing Tarzan."

"Who told you that?"

"It's in Louella Parsons's column in the Examiner."

"I'm not."

"You're wise. But I'll tell you a good bet, if you are thinking of getting into the movies. Prominent Pictures is casting a new Tarzan picture and—" But just then came an interruption.

A bell boy approached them. "Telephone call for you, Mr. Clayton," he said.

Clayton stepped to the booth and picked up the receiver.

"This is Clayton," he said.

"This is the casting office of Prominent Pictures. Can you come right over for an interview?"

"I'll think about it," replied Clayton and hung up.

"That was Prominent Pictures calling me," he said as he rejoined Reece. "They want me to come over for an interview."

"You'd better go. If you get in with Prominent you're made."

"It might be interesting."

The casting director sized Clayton up. "You look all right to me. I'll take you up to Mr. Goldeen. He's production manager. Had any experience?"

"As Tarzan?"

The casting director laughed. "I mean in pictures."

"No."

"Well, you might be all right, at that. You don't have to be a Barrymore to play Tarzan. Come on; we'll go up to Mr. Goldeen's office."

They had to wait a few minutes in the outer office, and then a secretary ushered them in.

"Hello, Ben!" the casting director greeted Goldeen. "I think I've got just the man for you."

"For what?"

"For Tarzan."

Goldeen's eyes surveyed Clayton critically for an instant. Then the production manager made a gesture with his palm as though waving them away. He shook his head. "Not the type!" he snapped. "Not the type at all."

As Clayton followed the casting director from the room the shadow of a smile touched his lips.

"I'll tell you what," said the casting director. "There may be a minor part in it for you. I'll keep you in mind. If anything turns up I'll give you a ring. Good-by!"

Later in the day, as Clayton was looking through an afternoon paper, he saw a banner spread across the top of the theatrical page:

CYRIL WAYNE TO DO TARZAN. FAMOUS ADAGIO DANCER SIGNED BY PROMINENT PICTURES FOR STELLAR ROLE IN FORTHCOMING PRODUCTION.

A WEEK passed. Clayton was preparing to leave California and return home. The telephone in his room rang. It was the casting director at Prominent Pictures. "Got a bit for you in the Tarzan picture," he announced. "Be at the studio at seven thirty tomorrow morning."

Clayton thought a moment. "All right," he said. "Seven thirty. You can bank on my being there, right on time." . . .

"Say, you!" shouted the assistant director. "What's *your* name?"

"Clayton."

"Oh, you're the guy that takes the part of the white hunter that Tarzan rescues from the lion."

Cyril Wayne, garbed in a loin cloth, his body covered with brown make-up, was eying Clayton and whispering to the director, who now also turned and looked.

"Geeze!" exclaimed the director. "He'll steal the picture. What dumb egg ever cast him?"

"Can't you fake it?" asked Wayne.

"Sure—just a flash of him. We won't show his face at all."

"Listen, Clayton. You're supposed to be comin' straight toward the camera through this jungle in the first shot. You're scared stiff—you keep lookin' behind you. You're about all in, too; you stagger like you was about ready to fall down. You see, you're lost in the jungle. There's a lion stalkin' you. We'll cut the lion shots in. Then in the last scene the lion is right behind you—and the lion's really in this scene with you. But you needn't be scared; he won't hurt you. He's perfectly tame and gentle. You scream. You draw your knife. Your knees shake. Tarzan hears you and comes swingin' through the trees. Say, is that double here that's goin' to swing through the trees for Cyril?" he interrupted himself to address his assistant. Assured that the double was on the set, he continued:

"The lion charges. Tarzan swings down between you and the lion. We get a close-up of you there; keep your back to the camera. Then Tarzan leaps on the lion and kills it."

"EVERYTHING'S all O. K., chief," said the assistant. "All ready, then—everybody!" yelled the director. "Get in there, Clayton, and remember there's a lion behind you and you're scared stiff."

The rehearsal was satisfactory and the first shots pleased the director. Then came the big scene in which Wayne and Clayton and the lion appeared.

The cameras were grinding. Clayton staggered and half fell. He looked fearfully behind him and uttered a scream of terror. Cyril Wayne dropped from a branch of a low tree just as the lion emerged from the jungle behind Clayton.

And then something went wrong.

The lion voiced an ugly roar and crouched. Wayne, sensing danger and losing his head, bolted past Clayton. The lion charged.

Clayton, realizing more than any of the others the danger that menaced the actor, sprang for the beast and leaped upon its back. A powerful arm encircled the lion's neck.

The beast wheeled and struck at the man-thing clinging to it, but the terrible talons missed their mark. Clayton locked his legs beneath the sunken belly of the carnivore. The lion threw itself to the ground and lashed about in a frenzy of rage.

With his hideous growls mingled equally bestial growls from the throat of the man. The lion regained its feet and reared upon its hind legs. The knife that they had given Clayton flashed in the air. Once, twice, three times it was driven deep into the side of the frenzied beast. Then Leo slumped to the ground.

Clayton leaped erect. He placed one foot upon his kill and raised his face to the heavens. Then he checked himself and that same slow smile touched his lips and he folded his arms across his chest.

An excited man rushed on to the set. It was Benny Goldeen, the production manager.

"My God!" he cried. "You've killed our best lion. He was worth ten thousand dollars if he was worth a cent. You're fired! Do you hear? You are fired." . . .

The clerk at the Roosevelt looked up. "Leaving us, Mr. Clayton?" he asked politely. "I hope you have enjoyed your little visit to Hollywood."

"Very much indeed," replied Clayton. "But I wonder if you could give me some information."

"Certainly. What is it?"

"What is the shortest route to Africa?"

THE END

ANSWER TO THE BOOKWORM'S JOURNEY PUZZLE ON PAGE 30

THE bookworm traveled only three and a half inches in going from the first page of Volume I to the last page of Volume III! When three books are stood together, the first page of Volume I is on the right and the last page of Volume III is on the left. The worm, starting from the first page of Volume I, went through two covers, the paper in Volume II, and through two more covers, which brought him to the last page of Volume III—a total distance of three and a half inches.

VOX POP

"FALSE AND RIDICULOUS"

SEATTLE, WASH.—The October 28 issue of Liberty carried an article by Rupert Hughes, called Fingerprint Everybody! He says that murderers are seldom arrested, and if so, that their trials result in almost uniform acquittals and very heavy expense to the community.

I am a lawyer who has practiced in the criminal courts for twenty years. I know personally that his statements are false and ridiculous. The records of our criminal courts snow murder convictions at the ratio of twenty to one acquittal, and the same is true everywhere in the United States.

Has it ever occurred to you that the greatest factor in the growth of crime is the advertising it receives? What effect do you suppose the misrepresentation that burglary, robbery, racketeering, and murder can be done with little chance of apprehension, and less of punishment, has upon the minds of young men who are considering whether or not they will become criminals? Can you see no connection between the publicity given the Lindbergh case and the growth of the kidnaping racket? What fabulous sum would you be justified in charging any other profession or vocation for the advertising which you give free to crime as a career?

And for another example of popular fallacy that has been espoused by editorial America, what could be worse and more suicidal than the attempt to curb the narcotic evil by prohibition? To what else than the profits of this awful traffic can you attribute its growth? What else than prohibition has multiplied the profits of the narcotic traffic until they now run into millions of dollars? Upon what could this traffic exist, if prohibition on the subject were repealed?—*Warren Hardy.*

WE WERE WAY AHEAD OF YOU

WEST PITTSTON, PA.—Whatever you do, don't forget to give us a calendar on the front page of Liberty as you have been doing for the past year or so.

These fit nicely under the glass top of my desk and fill a long felt want.

Of course Liberty is another want that is well filled every week. But we need the calendar.—*Thomas M. Street.*

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Each year since you first used your cover with calendar design I have bought two copies, finding it the most practical calendar of any that I have seen.

May I offer a suggestion—that in addition to this issue you would mail to those interested the same calendar in a mounted form?—*Lewis A. Till.*

CHEMICAL INDUSTRY NOT SO HAZARDOUS

CHICAGO, ILL.—Those of your readers who followed Lowell Thomas along the "path of reckless lives" through Fumes and Flames in your November 25 issue must have received a strangely distorted idea of the hazards of chemical industry.

To correct such a serious breach of faith and to get down to actual realities, my colleagues on the Executive Committee of the Chemical Section of the National Safety Council feel that the least you can do is to publish the following official statistics on injuries received in the chemical industry during a recent year in Illinois, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Maryland—the principal chemical-producing states.

INJURIES RECEIVED IN CHEMICAL INDUSTRY

From handling objects (boxes, barrels, etc.)	792
From falls (from ladders or on the ground)	545
From harmful substances (not all chemicals)	409
From machinery (gears, belts, etc.)	340
From falling, stepping on, or striking objects	264
From electricity, heat, explosives, etc.	214
From hand tools	145
From vehicles	118
From all other causes	197
Total	3,024

—*Sidney D. Kirkpatrick, Chairman Publicity Committee, National Safety Council.*

WE TRY TO GIVE THEM THEIR MONEY'S WORTH

ELIZABETH, LA.—In looking over your Vox Pop I see quite a few mistake finders.

Isn't it grand that Liberty has a few mistakes and errors, so that the kickers may have something to kick about?—*JEB.*

PERHAPS HE WILL

DES MOINES, IA.—Assistant Secretary of Agriculture Rexford Tugwell in his article in Liberty for December 2 says there is no method by which cost or production for farm products can be ascertained because "If we try to find the costs of production in industry, we enter a kind of fairyland of economics in which there are no landmarks for the discovery of reality."

Tugwell, being a member of the "brain trust," is evidently unaware of the fact that every industrial code under the NRA contains a provision whereby prices may be charged based upon cost of production.

Since Tugwell mentions the automobile industry in his article, he might explain why and on what basis the cost-of-production provision was inserted in the code for that industry.—*H. R. Gross.*

THE RED ABOVE THE BLUE

CHICAGO, ILL.—In the illustration accompanying the first installment of Hearts and Swords, in September 2 Liberty, showing Lebel being killed by Marc-Antoine, why in heavens did the illustrator put an American sash (red, white, and blue) around Lebel's waist? *Ten seconds'* research in any dictionary would have taught him that the French flag is blue, white, and red, and that all sashes, belts, etc., representing the tricolor must have the blue on top and the red at the bottom.—*J. Pana Fermos.*

HOW MANY OF OUR READERS AGREE?

BABYLON, N. Y.—So now it is Jean Harlow. I suppose next it will be Mae West. Why does Liberty think that its readers want to read about these Hollywood women and their cheap amours? Why does an artist like Adela Rogers St. Johns degrade her gifts to such purposes? Liberty is read by intelligent people who are interested not in the dilly-dallyings and shilly-shallyings of overpaid and underbrained so-called actresses, few of whom know anything about the rudiments of the profession once graced by Booth and Bernhardt.

We—and I feel I speak for the majority of your readers—enjoy such articles as Fingerprint Everybody! and the H. G. Wells estimate of our President. We even enjoy the naïve thrills of Tarzan and the bloodcurdling narratives of those rogues and adventurers whose tales you have printed. But nobody wants to read about Jean Harlow and her celluloid sisters. Nobody, that is, except the gum-chewing public which you dropped overboard when you took Liberty over and made it a real magazine.—*H. R. S.*

"WE VOTED DRY"

CHARLESTON, S. C.—I do not know just how Liberty reaches our city, but I *do* know there was hell to pay when the best magazine did not reach here until Friday. I went to my usual tradesman to get my copy early Wednesday, and found dozens of irate citizens demanding the reason why Liberty was not on sale.

Finally, after two days, it came, and we heard that a truck had broken down on the way to the city which gave 25 to 1 for repeal.

By the way, even though South Carolina voted dry, if you should drop in I can guarantee any kind of drink after December 5. In the meantime good corn is on sale everywhere at two dollars a gallon.—*W. Fordham Morgan.*

"TEND TO CHECK NORMAL CORRECTIVE MEASURES"

NEW YORK, N. Y.—I am writing this in answer to your editorial in October 28 Liberty, Misunderstanding Hampering the NRA.

The main function of the NRA itself is to increase purchasing power by putting more people to work at higher wages.

Permit me to show you what happened in the cotton industry in the past few months. Cotton textile prices in August were 90.4 per cent higher than in February of this year, which was the depression low, and 39.3 per cent higher than in June, the month before the recovery program took effect. This increase is due to a 59-per-cent increase in the labor costs and a 45.3-per-cent increase in material costs (due to the new processing tax) caused by the Administration Recovery Program. I am sure that you cannot charge this increase to the much-talked-of profiteer or chiseler, when the figures show that in August the cost of labor and material equaled 66.1 per cent of the value of

the output as compared to 61.2 per cent in June.

Consumption of raw cotton was 15.5 per cent less in August than in June, and in spite of this the total value of cotton goods produced was practically the same as in 1929. We all know that purchasing power is far below that of 1929.

This clearly indicates that the cotton industry is already overproduced and that corrective measures will be taken in the next few months. The normal corrective measure is lower prices, and in order to broaden the market this must be done. But this is prohibited by the code, labor costs, and the processing tax. Therefore the only course left open is to severely cut production and throw people out of work.

Incidentally, I am not in the cotton business, nor am I interested in it in any manner.

The individual employee is not much better off than he was in March, as is indicated by the fact that while wage rates were 12.3 per cent higher, prices have increased 11.7 per cent. Therefore, as wage rates were too low in March, they are still too low. Enforced wage increases, rather than help conditions at this time, only tend to check the normal corrective measures that the basic laws of economics will enact.—*Moylan S. Chew.*

SAVED!

EUREKA, CALIF.—Sucker Money! in November 18 Liberty, should be of inestimable value to prospective purchasers of oil stock. I, for one, have received several "personal" letters recently from what I believe to be a fake oil promoter who desires to sell me a sublease.

After reading Edward M. Ladd's article I know exactly what to do and not to do. The oil promoter I have reference to presents himself as a "poor driller" in quite the same manner as that outlined by Mr. Ladd.

It is time for the government to step in and stamp out all types of swindlers. —*Edward C. Cook, U. S. S. Cahokia.*

SHE IS

BELLEVILLE, ONT.—Why in heck do you number your pages at the bottom? It is most inconvenient. And why not give us a look at this Russian Princess that writes To the Ladies? If she looks anything like her writing she must be a pippin.—*J. A. Robertson.*

"DOES NOT REPRESENT AUSTIN"

HARTFORD, CONN.—In Vox Pop of December 9, 1933, page 37, I find the following letter:

> AUSTIN, TEX.—I voted for Roosevelt, thinking him the lesser of the evils, but am now convinced of my mistake. I would swap him back for Hoover, and give plenty boot in the bargain.—*Guy B. Fisher.*

I find a Mr. Guy B. Fisher living at 901 West 28½ Street. Mr. Fisher's name is not in our City Directory, published January, 1933. I cannot find Mr. Fisher's name in the poll-tax receipts for 1932. He therefore must be a newcomer, or did not vote for either our Mr. Roosevelt or Mr. Hoover.

Mr. Guy B. Fisher therefore does not represent either Austin or Travis County, Texas, of which county and city I am proud to say I have been a resident for forty years. Austin, Texas, is the home of E. M. House, the late Attorney General T. W. Gregory, and Ex-Postmaster General Albert S. Burleson, whom we Austinites are pleased to call "Our Albert."

Without Mr. Fisher's vote, Travis County's vote for Mr. Roosevelt was 11,783; for Mr. Hoover 1,532.—*Richard Corner.*

A BIRD DOG FOR PROMOTERS

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Edward Ladd's familiarity with the various terms used by oil promoters lacks one which is widely used, and inasmuch as it was properly applicable to himself I can readily understand this omission. The term is "bird dog"—meaning one used by promoters to bring in the prey.—*Tom C. Vaughan.*

GET THE DICTIONARY HABIT

OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA.—My suggestion to Mr. Fisselbrane (December 2 Vox Pop) is that he buy a small limpback dictionary that will stand hard use, and keep it at his elbow every time he reads Liberty or anything else.

The best time to permanently clamp the meaning of a word is when he sees it in its proper place in a sentence. Then check the word with a pencil, so that the next time he is on that page looking for another word he will see the check and read the definition again. Over a period of years he will have his pages covered with pencil checks and will be astonished at his increased vocabulary.—*Joseph E. Deupree.*

TRY TO TELL THIS TO AN ARTIST

CANTON, OHIO—It is rather difficult to believe that any illustrator of the reputation and experience of James Montgomery Flagg would clothe his characters in uniforms that were adopted at least a decade after the time of the story, as he does in Forever, Perhaps! in December 2 Liberty.

There are so many ex-service men in this country that inaccuracy in uniform or equipment in novels or movies is at once noticed.

In my opinion, the illustrations should be as nearly correct as the grammatical structure of the story. Any exceptional discrepancy of illustrations at once prejudices my opinion of the story itself. —*H. E. McMillan.*

MENTAL EXERCISE

CHICAGO, ILL.—Clifford Gregory, editor of a farm paper here, recently made the statement that during the past twenty years the total pay roll of America has directly paralleled the sum paid our farmers for their products.

At the peak of the boom farmers received $14,000,000,000 for their crops, and workers in factory, store, and office found exactly that amount in their pay envelopes. In 1932 the farmers got $5,000,000,000 for their crops, and the workers had to be content with that amount as their wage total for that year. This is something worth thinking over.—*Urban.*

TO CHECK THE "ISMS"

MEMPHIS, TENN.—I was pleased to read your editorial on capitalism in November 18 Liberty.

The rising tide of Communism, Fascism, and Nazism necessitates enlightenment of the people on this subject.

The rank and file of people are ignorant of the comparative individual benefits to be derived under these various political forms of government.

The working classes as a whole do not consider with due regard that many of our wealthy people rose from the ranks of the poor by study, ingenuity, and hard work—that they too, and their descendants, have the same opportunity under capitalism. On the other hand, they do not realize that under socialism they share least of all in the wealth of their country. As in the case of Russia, all power, glory, and wealth are concentrated in still fewer hands than under capitalism—in the hands of only a few leaders headed by Stalin.

The Communist Party participated in a large way in the initiatory cause and extended growth of depression. It sought the bankruptcy of capitalism, and had virtually accomplished its aim when Mr. Roosevelt assumed office.—*R. J. Trammell, Trammell, Early and Company, Cotton Linters.*

DENOUNCING HITLER PROPAGANDA

AUSTIN, TEX.—Since Hitler has been made dictator of Germany, it is certain that that country is going to repudiate her treaty with the Allies and you are going to witness a great deal of Hitler propaganda in the United States among those who have always sympathized with that country even when we were at war with her. And unless publications of large influence and circulation like yours will educate our people on the facts concerning the World War there will be a sentiment here strong enough to intimidate Congress into canceling all the war debts.—*T. C. Andrews, Chairman, Board of Pardons and Paroles.*

A BREADWINNER IN EVERY HOME

HOUSTON, TEX.—No one has disputed the fact that in the thousands of cases where both husband and wife are employed and each receives a salary sufficient to maintain a household, one or the other should withdraw and make room for breadwinners.

Should the federal government indorse this movement, state, county, and city governments would automatically fall in line, as would private concerns. America's slogan should be, "A breadwinner in every home."—*Russell L. Turner.*

"WHO IS GOING TO SET HIMSELF UP?"

PITTSBURGH, PA.—If "temperance is moderation in all things good, and total abstinence from all things harmful," then who is going to set himself up as absolute authority on what is good and what is harmful for us?

The people have finally taken the regulation of their morals and appetites from political and fanatical guidance. —*Harold Forcey.*

Contrast

A SHORT SHORT STORY

By JEROME BARRY

(Reading time: 5 minutes 15 seconds.)

MR. MURTAGH, visible only above the waist, sat in the stall in the tailor's shop and waved an amused farewell to his wife.

"Don't buy all the antiques in town," he called.

The tailor screwed up a sharp, lined face. "Antiques, hey?" he said softly, and went on sponging Mr. Murtagh's very spotted light-gray trousers.

Mr. Murtagh decorated his stout good-humored young features with a cigar and lighted it.

"A man's pretty helpless without his pants, isn't he?" he commented, chuckling over his own plight. "I suppose it's the contrast with other folks that makes him so ridiculous. Don't set fire to anything, pop."

"That's right," the tailor said tartly. "Might's well be in prison as 'thout any breeches." His sharp old eyes followed Mrs. Murtagh's egress. "Looks like soup," he added, his gaze reverting to the trousers.

Mr. Murtagh laughed. "It *is* soup. I haven't told my wife yet that I know she threw it on me on purpose."

"O' purpose, hey?"

"Yes, sir! After driving all morning, we were having lunch over here at the inn, and she suddenly got the idea I ought to have my suit pressed. 'It's disgusting,' says she, 'for a man to go around so untidy, especially when he's taking on flesh.' Well, that's one of the things she's always harping on. We have a regular spat about it every now and then. You know how the women are. She swears she'll leave me if I don't diet and wear spicker-spanner clothes." He chuckled again.

"So she threw the soup."

"Well, she said to me, 'Dave, I can't stand that suit a minute longer. It's wrinkled. It's accordion-pleated! And it's spotted. There's a tailor across the street. You can have it sponged and pressed there while you wait.'

"I said, 'Marge, we're not going to a reception. We're only going all by ourselves to see this Revolutionary battlefield that you're so set on visiting, though I can't see why.'

"She began to get steamed up, and she said, 'Dave, I always vowed I'd never marry a man who was fat and sloppy. If I'd known you were going to turn out this way, I declare I'd have broken things off.'

"Well, I tried to change the subject by calling the waiter over. And when my head was turned I happened to look in the mirror and saw her deliberately reach over and tilt my soup plate into my lap." Mr. Murtagh removed his cigar and laughed heartily. "Well, sir."

The tailor's voice snipped off the tail of Mr. Murtagh's sentence. "Marge Overholt she used to be, didn't she? They always said she had fine ideas."

Mr. Murtagh's jovial eyes widened. "When did you ever find that out?"

"It was—let's see—three-four years back that she spent the summer here. She never knew me to talk to, but I kind o' have a notion of every one that comes and goes. Ham Peabody was pretty sweet on her, they said. Snappy dresser, Ham was, and nice built. Six foot and a forty chest. Local boy. Fell into a nice little business when his father died. Antiques."

Mr. Murtagh took his cigar slowly out of his mouth. All the holiday had gone out of his face.

"Not a bad idea," he said softly. "A man without his pants might as well be in prison. I'll bet she's been remembering him and comparing us and wanting to see him again. Yes, sir; this was a way of getting to meet an old friend—"

He leaned abruptly forward, his kindly eyes blurred with a fierce hurt. "I'll take those trousers. Hop to it!"

The tailor squinted at him through a squirt of steam. "Man's got to finish his job," he snapped.

"Will you give me those trousers, or do I come out of here and drag them away from you?"

As Mr. Murtagh, red and tight-lipped, reached one ridiculous leg over the rim of his inclosure, a figure swung into the door of the shop and he withdrew nimbly into decency.

The girl was pretty and a little breathless with haste. She had an impetuous mouth and bright mercurial eyes.

"READY to go, David?" she cried.

"Oh, it's you," Mr. Murtagh said levelly. As he finished buttoning himself together he studied her with smoldering eyes. He walked grimly to the door. "Where's your antique shop?"

The little tailor was at his elbow, nudging. "That way." He jerked his head.

Mr. Murtagh forced a gaze of angry loathing to leave the old man and follow his nod. Half a block down the street, under a sign that read "Antiques," a man in a floppy vest came out and sank into a chair that he tilted against the store front. He was edging over into fleshiness, and his shirt was open at the throat to give room to his ample chin.

"Ham," said the tailor.

Mrs. Murtagh had walked straight to the car at the curb. "Let's go," she called. "Never mind the antiques. I—I didn't see anything I liked. Darling, you look keen!"

Mr. Murtagh removed a lingering regard from the figure down the street and joined her slowly. "Not so bad for a fat old sloven, eh?" he growled.

"You—you're not really *fat*, darling," she said. "Not yet, anyway."

"How do you know I'm going to be?" Mr. Murtagh said, setting his jaw again as he edged behind the wheel. "We'll see."

"And the suit looks lovely. Tell you what! Let's forget the battlefield and drive home through the mountains. We haven't, you know, since we were married." She dropped a light arm on his shoulder.

"If pressing a suit," Mr. Murtagh muttered to the world at large, "has this effect, then I certainly must—" His words were lost in a cheerful roar as the car surged away and left the little tailor standing there.

"It was contrast, that's what it was," he said, nodding. "But if some one hadn't 'a' spilled the works to him, it never would 'a' done him so much good."

His sour old smile was as refreshingly tart as cold lemonade.

THE END

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